WESTFIELD ATHENEUM
WESTFIELD, MASS

The Nation.

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The Week.

A long step, if not towards a national law of marriage and divorce, at least towards a better national rule in such matters, was taken by the Supreme Court on Monday. Its decision that a divorce granted under the loose laws of one State need not be given "full faith and credit" in another, deals a blow at the long-standing scandal of "Dakota divorces." The court holds that the validity of a divorce granted almost *ex parte* in Connecticut can be successfully attacked in New York. Justice White, who read the opinion, had undoubtedly a difficult position in constitutional law to maintain, but his moral reasoning is certainly powerful. He shows how absurd it is for one State to be asked to give full faith and credit to the act of another which would destroy its own laws. "If," he says, "the-full-faith-and-credit clause were now to be held applicable to the enforcement in the States generally of decrees of divorce of the charcter of the one here involved, it would follow that the law of nearly all the States would be overthrown." The upshot of the decision appears to be that a divorce of two citizens of one State can be binding, when granted in another State, only when both parties were there present. This should either double or destroy the "divorce colony" in Sioux Falls and elsewhere. At any rate, the decision of the Supreme Court will do much to end the more disgraceful hugger-mugger of divorce that has so long been a national reproach.

Congressman McCall makes the point that the President might better busy himself about repealing unjust laws that conduce to swollen fortunes, than be so anxious to tax them when accumulated. Mr. Roosevelt declared that we must "grapple with problems connected with the amassing of enormous fortunes"; yet he himself has always favored, and now appears to favor, the class legislation which not only diverts wealth into the hands of a privileged few, but carries with it the sting of social injustice. The President at this moment is urging a ship-subsidy bill which is designed to put public funds into private pockets. He has never lifted a finger against the tariff, though it enables its beneficiaries to levy taxes upon the people. Think of the many "steel" fortunes "swollen beyond all healthy limits"; then think of the steel schedules in the Dingley tariff, and remember that the President has been so intimidated that he cancelled the tariff-reduction message which he had written. Far more important than the taxation of great fortunes after they are made, is the prevention of their being heaped up by means of purchased laws which destroy the only equality possible.

Senator Bailey's reputation, already great, will doubtless be heightened by his speech of April 10. To have held a crowded Senate and packed galleries for four hours listening to a close-knit legal argument, is an extraordinary achievement. On the validity of his contentions about points of law, we will not here undertake to pronounce, but he had a distinguished convert, in the very act, in the person of Senator Hale. The feeling was general that Mr. Bailey's speech had put a new face upon the whole rate-bill situation. In all the vacillation, however, it is gratifying to note that the President stands absolutely firm. Just where he stands, no one appears to know, but his friends indignantly deny that he has budged an inch from his original position, whatever that may have been. Seemingly, he has not got out of the realm of abstractions. He is heart and soul for a bill which will do "equal and exact justice," which will be "fair to railroad and shippers alike," and which will stand the test of constitutionality; but as to the actual details of a concrete bill, he refuses to commit himself. It is most reassuring, however, to get it on authority that he has not "surrendered."

It is obvious that a desperate effort is making to get the ship-subsidy grab through this session, after all. The bill slipped through the Senate, after perfunctory debate, though with marked Republican opposition, on the distinct understanding that the House would not touch it this year. Speaker Cannon's hostility to it was well known. But Grosvenor's approaching retirement from Congress seems to have spurred him to new exertions: his committee has begun a series of "hearings"; the lobby is at work; the press is being used; and the plan is plainly to make a grand onslaught and pull this bounty out of the Treasury, if possible, before the country is aware of the raid. The movement has every appearance of a sort of foreclosure on the Republican party by the ship-subsidy men. How much they gave to elect Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Cortelyou could tell, but will not. They are now demanding that the goods they paid for be delivered. So transparent is this situation, and so unblushing the demand for a subsidy from the public funds, that a greater piece of folly than for the Republican managers to give way to the impudent appeal, could not well be imagined. Their Congressional campaign looks none too bright as it is. If they pile a ship subsidy on top of the tariff burdens which they have refused to touch with one of their fingers, the outlook for them will be black with political disaster.

The House Committee on Elections which has reported favorably upon a resolution providing for the election of Senators by direct vote, has heeded a growing sentiment. "Has again heeded," would be more accurate, of course, since the House has on four separate occasions passed such legislation as the committee now recommends. As a matter of fact, action by Congress to compel the choice of Senators by popular vote is becoming relatively unimportant. The States are falling into line, one after another, in insisting that at the State elections Senatorial candidates shall submit themselves to the judgment of the voters. So far, the popular verdict has not been regarded as absolutely mandatory, but practically the people's choice is as sure of being ratified formally by the Legislature as is the decision of the voters in a Presidential contest by the Electoral College. The Legislatures of Virginia and Arkansas may refuse to send to the Senate the man who won at the Democratic primaries; but the chances of this are small.

It would be strange if the United States, which opened Japan to Western nations, should be the first to shut the door in the face of the Japanese immigrant. In Congress the other day Mr. Hayes of California spoke in support of a bill to extend the Chinese exclusion laws so as to embrace the subjects of the Mikado and the Koreans. He professed to represent 95 per cent. of the people of his State in this matter, which, he said, is one of domestic policy, not of international law. He admitted that the Japanese had shown extraordinary intelligence and courage in the conduct of the war, but he condemned them for their dishonesty as a people, and declared that the vast majority "do not understand the meaning of the word 'morality.'" It would, indeed, be unfortunate if the Arcadian simplicity and purity of our politics were to be corrupted by admitting our Asiatic neighbors. The economic aspects of the question deserve more consideration. Mr. Hayes, who is himself an employer, presented statistics going to show that the Japanese coolie could greatly underbid the European and American workman. However this may be, it is to be hoped that Con-

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gress will never exclude the Japanese who come here to attend our universities and technical schools. A continuance of intellectual relationship should increase the friendship between the two nations.

The American Federation of Labor evidently meant business when, through President Gompers, it announced that it was in politics. He now is circulating among the labor unions what must pass for a pretty definite programme. Its chief terms are these: The working people "will act as a unit at the polls of every election." It will "elect men from our own ranks to make new laws and administer them along the lines laid down in the legislative demands of the American Federation." Alongside this manifesto it savors of the bathetic to read that all labor candidates must have "clear, unblemished, paid-up union cards in their possession." President Gompers undoubtedly realizes that, however desirable a possession an untarnished union card may be, it is by no means the equivalent of a certificate of election. The labor leaders generally are probably encouraged by the success of their British colleagues. It was proved the other day, in the Commons, in the matter of immunity of union funds from damage suits, that about ten minutes of Mr. Keir Hardie's reefer was worth an hour and a half of the Attorney-General's robes. Mr. Gompers possibly foresees similar triumphs in the Capitol. However that may be, nobody need regret that American unionism is about to try its political luck. We are glad that the people are going to have a chance to vote on the claims of the labor oligarchy, and we have no fear of the verdict. Even for unionism itself we anticipate only good from a policy that will abate the present guerilla warfare, substituting therefor a comprehensive and unambiguous plan of campaign.

Secretary Taft's speech at Tuskegee has stirred up the Southern press not a little. Several editors are so frank as to say that no matter how far the negro may progress in wealth, education, and civic worth, he will never be allowed to vote. The Atlanta *Journal* finds in the Secretary's remarks fresh reason for the proposed Georgia disfranchisement laws, which, it tells its readers, "will insure the elimination of the ignorant and venal negro vote without disfranchising a single uneducated white man for at least the next quarter of a century." One Georgia editor has expressed great indignation at Mr. Taft for letting the negro know that, after the expiration of the grandfather clauses, he will be in an enviable political position, holding the balance of power between the two parties. This editor, betraying that regrettable ignorance of the educated colored man so noticeable among Southern men, exclaimed bitterly: "Mr. Taft tells the negro just what we have been trying to keep from him." As well might the South attempt to keep from the blacks the colors in the American flag as to hide from them any phase of the political situation. On this the negroes are becoming better informed and more dissatisfied every day. They do not share Mr. Taft's roseate hopes of what will happen after the grandfather clauses expire, for they fear that they will be defrauded anew. Recently two teachers in a Virginia school, one white, the other black, and both worthy American citizens, were disfranchised because they were held to have failed to answer properly some abstruse Constitutional questions propounded by an ignorant "poor-white" registrar for the deliberate purpose of disqualifying them.

The lynching at Springfield, Mo., presents anew the too familiar paradox of an apparently civilized—at any rate a representative American—community suddenly inflamed by the lust of blood. Springfield is a county seat. It is evidently a public-spirited town, for, with a population of some 23,000, it contains a college, a private academy, a high school, and maintains a zoölogical garden. It is, presumably, like most cities of the Middle West, a religious community. In fact, one of the most distressing details of the dispatches is the description of Sunday-school children searching the ashes in the spot where three negroes were burned—for souvenirs. The inhabitants of Springfield employ probably the considerate courtesy common to all communities with an infusion of Southern blood. Yet they disputed, on Sunday, a bit of the charred skull of a negro whom the mob had taken from the jail and consumed in a bonfire. Individually the citizens of Springfield would deny any lack of personal courage; but a sheriff and a group of armed deputies discreetly effaced themselves while the mob battered in the jail doors, wrecked the building, and hanged the prisoners from the windows. Probably Springfield would deeply resent any insinuation that its civilization is defective in sweet reasonableness. It perhaps reads with some amazement Gov. Folk's just characterization of the members of the mob as murderers. But what must one think of the civilization of a community where race hatred lies so near the surface that the representation of an incendiary play, the occurrence of a crime of violence, the consumption of bad whiskey, are sparks enough to kindle an *auto-da-fé*? We must in fairness add that both city and State are making such amends as are possible for the atrocity. The militia has cowed the mob, the bench has promptly issued warrants for the ringleaders, and the "better element," we are informed, is "shocked" at the belated discovery that the wrong negroes were lynched. Gov. Folk, in particular, has acted with exemplary vigor, both in supplying troops and in condemning the mob.

In Gov. Deneen's hurry call for an extra session of the Illinois Legislature to remedy the defects in the primary law passed last year, and just declared by the Supreme Court of the State to be unconstitutional, he says: "The old nominating system has been discredited. . . . The people have demanded the substance instead of the semblance of participation in the nomination of candidates." The Governor's general interpretation of State sentiment has been supplemented by ex-Gov. Yates's illuminating remarks upon the act that has been declared to be of no effect. Yates, of course, is an aspirant for Senator Cullom's seat, and he has been conducting a campaign for some months with the expectation that the choice would be made at the Republican primaries. Now he charges that the law as it passed the Legislature last year was "doctored" by "the friends of the Senatorial machine in Illinois." He declares that these plotters intended that it should be declared unconstitutional, and that they prefer the old convention system to any primary at all. We may doubt Yates's implication that it was all a plot hatched to kill his boom for the Senate; but it is evident that Gov. Dineen has public sentiment behind him in his desire to secure the prompt amendment of the faulty statute.

"Comic" is the only word to apply to the surprise and pain of our own rose-water and angel-cake Socialists, now that they have discovered that Maxim Gorky is not a hero for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Gorky in turn is equally amazed and puzzled. He cannot understand why Americans who pine for that intellectual and moral freedom which will result from destruction of the existing social order, should look askance on a man who does a little destroying on his own account. Gorky is astonished at his own moderation. He has done nothing but leave his wife in Russia and come to America with another "spiritual affinity." The performance is not strictly legal, but—like all such cases—it has the sanction of the "higher law." Can it be that our own apostles of emancipation are still the slaves to grovelling superstition? Do they still make a fetish of the bourgeois virtues? Would Robert Hunter, James Graham Phelps Stokes, and Edwin Markham shackle a man to one woman for all his days? When she has borne two or three children and has lost her youthful comeliness, must he still

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be compelled to gaze at her, fat and forty, across the breakfast table? This is to tie a soaring soul to earth and turn it to a clod. Mr. Markham's Man with a Hoe has a jolly time of it compared with the Man with One Wife. Let us drop a passing tear for victims of cruel and stupid conventions, and then push on to the goal of a revolutionized, glorified, and polygamous humanity.

For a good many years past the *American Grocer* has performed the important service of translating the Government excise statistics into current retail prices, and thus determining how much the people of this country actually spend for beverages, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic. The data thus obtained serve as valuable and exceptionally accurate indications of current changes in certain social habits and conditions. The figures for 1905, just issued, show a continuation of the same steady annual increase in this item of national expenditure as has been observed in the years previous. We spent for beverages $1,548,708,307, as against $1,498,622,715 in 1904, $1,451,633,379 in 1903, $1,369,098,276 in 1902, and $1,273,212,386 in 1901. The total drink bill to-day, as the compiler states, is "one-fourth of the total estimated production of the cotton, wheat, corn, hay, and tobacco crops, and every other product of farms, orchards, cattle ranches, dairies, and every other agricultural industry. It amounts to one-eighth of the nation's total expenditure for food." Although this increase has been larger not only absolutely, but relatively to the population—21.6 per cent. during a period when the population increased 6.5 per cent.—it would hardly be contended by any one that it has been a period of increased intemperance. It has been characterized, it is true, by the abandonment of statutory prohibition in two small States, but the local-option system has made great headway at the same time, and the area of legalized liquor selling has been very considerably decreased in many States, especially in the South. Corporations in certain lines have taken to requiring total abstinence from their employees, and the demands of industry have steadily become less compatible with over-convivial habits.

If we compare the per-capita consumption of liquors in 1905 with that for 1840, the first given in the current statistical abstract, we find a tremendous change in the relative proportion of alcoholic beverages consumed. Here are the figures in gallons per capita:

	Wines.	Malt liquors.	Distilled spirits.	Total.
1840.....	.29	1.36	2.52	4.17
1905.....	.43	18.50	1.45	20.28

That is, in sixty-five years, the average American has increased his allowance of beer fourteen times, and learned to drink half as much again of wine, but at the same time cut off three-sevenths of his consumption of whiskey. Only one of these changes, however, has been at all steady. The consumption of wine, as shown by the official statistics, has been wholly erratic, ranging as high as .63 gallon in 1902 and as low as .26 in 1896. The individual consumption of whiskey and other spirits showed an irregular decline until it reached its minimum of 1.01 gallons, also in 1896, after which it mounted again steadily for eight years to 1.48 gallons in 1904, and only this year has the increase ceased and a slight decline been indicated. But the increase of beer-drinking has been as steady and seemingly inevitable as that of population. From 1863 to the current year there have been only six years in which setbacks of even a fraction of a gallon occurred. In the days when practically untaxed whiskey sold for 25 cents a quart, this was emphatically a whiskey-drinking country. The question is now whether the present changes are to go on until we are to settle down beside Germany as characteristically a beer-drinking nation.

The Harvard Overseers having voted their disapproval of the Athletic Committee's decision to continue football at that institution next fall, the situation at Cambridge is in a worse muddle than ever. Faculty and Overseers, it will be remembered, voted against the game; the Corporation is still to be heard from, and has been holding off with a view to getting the final decision of the Athletic Committee. That body, it seems, failed to comply with the request of the Overseers to submit a report on the proposed changes in the game, and decided to go counter to the opinion of both Faculty and Overseers. Obviously, Harvard is suffering from a division of powers, and it would be difficult to forecast what the next step will be. The Athletic Committee may persist in its attitude, in which case the Corporation might end the whole controversy by abolishing football outright. The present condition of affairs contrasts unfavorably with the clear-cut action of other colleges. Surely, the oldest of American universities ought by this time to have reached a decision and, like Columbia and Northwestern, forbidden the game, or, like Wisconsin, prohibited it for a year. Harvard ought, also, to limit the powers of the Athletic Committee in such a way that it should be incapable of delaying the settlement of broad questions of policy. Curiously enough, the undergraduate members of the committee have generally been more radical and more sensitive to public sentiment than either the graduate or Faculty members.

When Emperor William's epitaph comes to be written, it will need to be almost the reverse of the satiric one on the English king who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. The Kaiser does a great many wise things, but whenever he speaks or writes—especially whenever he telegraphs—he is apt to go off in a blaze of indiscretion. His telegram on Friday to the Austrian Foreign Minister, apropos of the Algeciras Conference, is about as needless a blunder as one could well imagine. He speaks of Austria as his "brilliant second on the duelling ground." But this is to imply that there was a deadly combat, not a free and friendly conference, at Algeciras. It implies also that Germany was badly beaten. The "brilliant second" and the German principal were repeatedly outvoted; thus, according to the Kaiser's awkward figure of speech, Germany must have received several ugly thrusts in the "duel" at Algeciras. This is incontinently to repudiate Prince Bülow's public statement that the German contentions had been satisfactorily upheld. So much for Imperial rushing into print. Some one ought to send the Emperor a copy of Van Buren's old counsel of political wisdom: "Walk eleven miles rather than write a letter." In the Kaiser's case this might advantageously be amended: "Sail a thousand leagues rather than send a telegram."

Vesuvius will very soon be in politics. In fact, the legislative sequel of the eruption may very well outweigh its recent spectacular interest. The destruction of entire communes will push thousands of people over that narrow margin which in all Southern Italy separates a scanty livelihood from dire distress. Successive Parliaments have dealt with this South-Italian question without arriving at a solution. To-day that problem, to which Premier Sonnino has devoted especial study, becomes doubly acute. These Vesuvian villages are typical of Southern Italy generally. Their inhabitants suffer under a grievous burden of taxation, amounting in the case of small farmers to a full quarter of annual income. Besides the national and local taxes, an over-numerous priesthood takes toll of a superstitious populace. Of course, the distressed communes will be promptly relieved, both by suspension of taxation and by direct gifts; but this will only make the burden heavier elsewhere in Calabria and Apulia. In other words, the destruction on the Vesuvian plain furnishes the strongest argument for carrying promptly into effect the benevolent intentions long expressed towards the "Mezzogiorno." Tax reform is the most pressing need, but it is probable that a rather paternalistic programme of public works and agricultural improvement will also be instituted.

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OUR SENTIMENTAL PRESIDENT.

Mr. Roosevelt has become a fearsome Socialist a little too suddenly to be entirely credible in that guise. He did, indeed, ruin his carefully prepared corner-stone speech on the Man with the Muck Rake by a chance phrase which made him look to the unwary like the Man with the Crowbar, ready to prize over the pillars of society. As a mere lapse in taste, this was deplorable enough. His speech was wholly sacrificed to one interjection. It was much as if the preacher of a temperance sermon had wound up by inviting all his hearers to go out and take a drink with him—they would not remember what had gone before. But we cannot ourselves see in the President's happy-thought proposal to limit private fortunes the deliberate and formidable political programme which some are reading into it. We have had too many of his impulsive utterances before to be unduly alarmed. His choice of a text from Bunyan should have suggested the true character in which he appeared on Saturday. One of the prototypes of our day whom the inspired tinker "saw in his dream" was Talkative. He thus described his own function:

> "I will talk of things heavenly or things earthly; things moral or things evangelical; things sacred or things profane; things past or things to come; things foreign or things at home; things more essential or things circumstantial."

Thereupon Christian smiled, and sagely remarked to Faithful:

> "This man with whom you are so taken, will beguile, with this tongue of his, twenty of them that *know him not*."

In short, we are inclined to think that those who know our Presidential Talkative will not be so much frightened as amused by his latest identification of his own temporary personal feeling with the policy which the nation ought to adopt permanently. He has gayly done the same thing many times before. It does, indeed, require a certain "pitch of presumption," as Burke said, for a man to think of his country as merely a piece of white paper upon which "to scribble whatever he pleases," but no one has ever accused President Roosevelt of erring through too great distrust of himself. A thing which appears to him overnight as really an excellent proposition, becomes *ipso facto* wise, feasible, Constitutional. So it was with his ready and confident proposal that Congress take over the regulation of life insurance. He thought it ought to be done, and that was demonstration enough. But the House Judiciary Committee felt compelled to look into the laws and Constitution, and then unanimously reported that the President's plan was absolutely unconstitutional. Since then he has made haste to "forget it." So it would be with any other splendid idea which occurred to him yesterday, and which he will abandon to-morrow.

People are beginning to have a more correct idea of Mr. Roosevelt's nature. The conception of him, fostered by some indiscreet friends and easily given color by his tremendous energy and loud speech, as a man of iron will and slowly formed determination and far-reaching thought and mature choice of line of action, is breaking down. We know better now what his "spontaneity" implies. His public speech is filled, like his private conversation, with whatever pops into his head. His view of his duties is essentially jovial. He loves to slap the country on the back with a "bright" thought, just as he delights to startle a foreign visitor by wild and whirling words that make the hair of the timid stand on end. He means no mischief by it.

It is time we understood that it is sentiment which predominates in the Presidential character. He has a surge of feeling; this he immediately translates into what he calls a "personal conviction"; then he identifies that with true public policy. No one should imagine, however, that he has given real thought to the matter, or that he will not drop it as hastily as he took it up. In a word, he seems to belong to what Cobden called the "genus sentimentalist." Of public men in that class he said: "They are not to be depended on in political action, because they are not masters of their own reasoning powers. They sing songs or declaim about truth, justice, liberty, and the like, but it is only in the same artificial spirit in which they made odes to dewdrops, daisies, etc. They are just as likely to trample on one as the other, notwithstanding."

Yet this, the most charitable explanation of the President's vagaries, does not diminish the regret and disquiet which his unconsidered deliverance on Saturday must cause. The very fact that, as he confessed, he had not thought out a single detail of his proposal to fix a limit beyond which private wealth should not go, and that he is absolutely without the Governmental means to effect that purpose, makes his rash utterance a serious discredit to him. It is too much like a boy wantonly thrusting a stick into a delicate machine. A truly responsible statesman, urging such a revolutionary proposition, would come forward as if with a halter round his neck, and request that it be drawn if he could not show that a law could be drafted to carry out his ideas. But what glimmering of a suggestion did Mr. Roosevelt make about his "progressive tax on all fortunes," to be laid by the national Government, with the end of keeping them within "healthy limits"? An inheritance tax would not do the business. Besides conflicting with State taxes of that kind, and leading to the grossest injustice, it would not accomplish the purpose at which the President professes to aim. He himself, for example, is said to have inherited something like $500,000. Of course, to a thorough-going Socialist that would be a thoroughly "unhealthy" fortune; but suppose that a Federal inheritance tax could be devised which would forbid any one from coming into a greater amount than that. It is clear that a man of Mr. Roosevelt's energy and ability, inheriting $500,000 at thirty-five, could double or treble his fortune before he died. So the only way of keeping him "healthy" would be a progressive income tax which would take all above $500,000. But here comes in the vexing trifle that the income tax has been declared unconstitutional.

We do not expect any terrible results from the President's happy-go-lucky remark about a subject to which, it is plain, he has given no serious thought. It will be a mortification to his friends, and a real public misfortune, that his mouthing has made Bryan appear a reactionary, Hearst a conservative, and has elevated Debs and Powderly to the level of Presidential statesmanship. But our laws, the Constitution, the inertia of our institutions, the common sense of the people, the ineradicable tendencies of human nature itself, may still be trusted as against either demagogues or improvisators.

SECRETARY SHAW AND GOLD IMPORTS.

Before passing judgment on Secretary Shaw's announcement regarding his use of Government money to "facilitate" gold imports from Europe, it will be best to make perfectly clear three points—what the situation was which prompted such a decision, what the law is under which his action is taken, and what its effect on the markets is likely to be. It is well known, in the first place, that the strain on our money markets this season has been abnormally great. The usual recourse is heavy borrowing from foreign markets. If this movement is large enough, New York exchange on London falls to a point where gold from abroad can be profitably imported. This is what happened last week; in response to the fall in exchange to the "gold point," gold was engaged for New York in London. With a decline in money rates, however, exchange on London last Thursday rose again to a price which, by general agreement of foreign bankers, rendered further gold imports unprofitable.

This was the moment chosen by the Secretary to use the Government surplus to facilitate imports. In the words of Mr. Shaw's own announcement, "the price of exchange having reached the point where gold ought to have been imported,

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and believing the reason why it was not engaged to be the loss of its use during transit," the Treasury notified banks holding public money that it was willing "to increase the deposit to any amount when assured that the money would be immediately used in the engagement of gold for shipment to the United States," and that, as security for these new deposits, "bonds available as security to savings banks" would be accepted. What the Secretary means by "loss of use in transit" is that a banker, engaging, say, $1,000,000 gold in London for import to New York, must forego the interest on that sum during the week when the gold is on the ocean. By making a special seven-day loan of public money to the banks—this is what the Secretary's plan really amounts to—the cost of importing gold is reduced by precisely the sum of "interest during transit." With such allowance, gold could be profitably imported by a bank without waiting for sterling exchange to fall to the normal "gold point."

It should be clear, then, that Mr. Shaw's arrangement is an interference of the Government with the market. Had the Secretary merely announced that the Treasury was again absorbing the market's money supplies through a surplus revenue, and that therefore public deposits in banks were to be increased, the action would have followed precedent. That this was not the primary purpose of last week's step is shown by the conditions laid down by Mr. Shaw. Deposits will be increased only "when assured that the money will be immediately used" for gold import purposes, and, furthermore, it must "be returned immediately on the arrival of the gold." As a matter of fact, the excuse of Treasury absorption of money did not exist last week. Since March 1, the surplus revenue has been $4,600,000; but, in the same period, public deposits in banks have been increased $12,000,000. The fact, however, that the Secretary explicitly provides that the bank must pay back the Treasury money when the gold arrives, shows that he is not thinking of the Treasury drain at all.

Under what warrant does the Secretary make this unusual arrangement? The Federal law undoubtedly gives rather broad powers in the matter. Its stipulation is that the Treasury shall require banks holding public funds "to give satisfactory security, by the deposit of United States bonds and otherwise"; beyond this it states that they "shall be depositaries of public money, except receipts from customs, under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary." It is a somewhat violent construction of this clause to regard the supplying of Government funds to invest in gold imports as within the meaning of the "regulations" referred to, yet we suppose that construction to be the Secretary's recourse. But something more is involved than the letter of the law. The use of Government money, avowedly to influence a financial market with whose movement the Treasury is not itself concerned, is something new. Government bond redemptions, Government bank deposits, and "anticipation" of Treasury interests are expedients which have been adopted repeatedly in times of money stringency; but always on the ground, most carefully set forth, that excessive surplus revenue had caused the trouble. It is true, also, that Government credit has been employed, as in 1895, to enable bankers not only to influence but to control the foreign exchanges and the flow of gold. But President Cleveland's "Government-bond-syndicate contract" was a measure adopted to rescue the Treasury itself from a "run" which threatened suspension of Government gold payments—which is a very different thing from using public money to reduce the normal cost of a banker's private operations.

Our own judgment is that this extraordinary move by the Secretary is wholly unjustified by the law or the circumstances. We further think that it will be futile—if indeed it do not further complicate an already tangled money situation. It cannot be properly compared with the occasional offer of "interest in transit" by the Bank of France or the Bank of Germany. Such offers have been made by banks, not by a Government, and made because banks saw a profit in the operation. Furthermore, it is questionable whether such an offer, in any market, ever actually caused gold imports. With gold going out from London or New York, it is easy to understand why "allowance of interest in transit" by the French Bank might draw all the exports to Paris rather than to Berlin. But the "special inducement" would not have caused the shipment; that is an old and exploded delusion very current in Wall Street during 1892 and 1893, and which we are sorry to see the present Secretary share. All that this very remarkable Government interference has accomplished, so far as concerns the market of the day, is slightly to alter the "gold-import point," as Mr. Sherman, in 1892, altered the "gold export point" by raising the export tax on bullion. Mr. Sherman thought, apparently, that his plan would stop gold exports by making them more expensive, just as Mr. Shaw seems to think that he can cause gold imports by making them cheaper. Both ideas are pure economic delusion. That the effort to further so hare-brained a scheme should have been made through a highly questionable use of the public moneys, does not help the matter.

RURAL CORRUPT PRACTICES.

It is generally agreed by those who have worked hardest and longest at Albany this year to secure the passage of a corrupt-practices act, that the strongest opposition has come from country members of the Legislature. The bill went up with an impressive backing from this city. Other large centres of population in the State were at least ready to give their assent. There would have been no great difficulty about getting the delegations from "corrupt cities" like Buffalo and New York to support the measure, but the pure-minded representatives from the innocent rural regions were the ones who got in the way. They first amended the bill so as to make it as ineffective as possible; and then proceeded to dilly-dally over it until there is now admitted to be grave doubt whether the act in any form can be got from the present Legislature.

The country Senators and Assemblymen who object to a law more stringently controlling the outlay of money in elections, and calling for complete publicity of the accounts of party committees, do not, when you press them, conceal their motives. Behind their assumed legal scruples and doubts on the ground of public policy, lies an intimate acquaintance with the way in which party primaries are carried and elections won in the sparsely settled districts of the State. There the cost is, we believe, much greater per voter than in the cities. It is not charged that direct corruption is resorted to on any great scale; but there are countless methods of indirect bribery. Old Bill Jones of Stony Hill Road cannot really be expected to get to the polls unless paid for the wear and tear of his team. If he brings his hired man along, that necessarily means $5 more. And if he stops on the way to pick up half-a-dozen friends, why, he and they must have at least what the economists call the "rewards of abstinence." They have abstained from earning $100 on their farms, and naturally should, in all fairness, have it made up to them. The habit spreads all through the district, and is clearly one of the most expensive habits known to politicians. The amount of money which it is considered absolutely "necessary" to put out among country people in a political campaign is notoriously large. The debauchery of the hill towns of Connecticut, by such means, has been made the subject of careful study. Investigators in darkest New York, meaning thereby the sweet, clean, unsophisticated villages and farms, would find material as unpleasantly instructive.

We have at hand a slight unveiling of conditions in Putnam County. A contest for control within the Republican party has been going on there, the rivals being Assemblyman Yale and "the

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friends of the Hon. Hamilton Fish." Putnam County has, of course, long been a sort of preserve of the Fish family, and the effort to wrest it away could not be other than arduous, spectacular, and costly. Many picturesque details are given in the *Putnam County Courier*, published at Carmel, of April 6. From Ludingtonville, for example, came an account of the Republican caucus of March 31. The Yale men beat the Fish men by 104 to 49. This was not bad—153 votes when the registry showed a total of but 163 voters in a district which the Democrats carried last fall. Some of the forcing methods used to make two Republicans grow in the caucus where only one grew in the election, are suggested in the following:

"It is estimated that over $5,000 was paid directly to the voters, and that, with the preliminary expenses, over $6,000 was expended. The successful faction paid $40 per vote, and the losers averaged about $16. We hear of one family of four voters who were paid $200, and the Fish faction in some cases is said to have offered as high as $20 for a vote."

It was, however, at Adams Corner on April 2 that the hottest contest was waged. The *Courier's* correspondent waxed enthusiastic in his account of the magnificent political strategy displayed and the glorious fighting witnessed. An expert Republican politician from Peekskill was on the ground to see what he could learn of skilled caucus-packing, and "spoke in the most favorable terms of the impression he had received."

It was hoped that Mr. Fish would be at the scene in person to cheer on his followers, but "at the very last moment he telegraphed that, it being Monday, his busy day at the Sub-Treasury, it would be impossible for him to be present." Yet Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue Donohoe was present "in the interest of Mr. Fish," and "paid strict attention." Democrats as well as Republicans were "lined up on either side," so that, "in looking the crowd over; one could not be sure whether it was a Republican or a Democratic caucus that had been called." But all knew why the gathering was so large. Farmers' wagons were never so thick, and as much as $50 was said to have been paid for a "lift." When the votes were finally counted, the score stood: Yale 127, Fish 122. Thus the Yale faction appeared to be winning, and the *Courier's* knowing correspondent remarks: "It will be necessary for six to change their minds in the convention in order for Mr. Fish to win. Can Mr. Fish manage so many? His friends believe he will."

It is but right to add that the *Courier* is a Democratic newspaper. Hence its zeal in exposing the corruption of the other fellows may have made its details too precise. But the main outlines of the picture, with its life-like rendering of the very atmosphere, are drawn with a veracious pencil. It helps us to understand the holy horror with which the provisions of the corrupt-practices bill are read at Albany, since the contested country primary is not very different from the country election. Section 203, for example, provides that "every political committee shall have a treasurer, and shall cause him to keep detailed accounts of all money or its equivalent received by or promised to, and of all expenditures, disbursements, and promises of payment or disbursement made by the committee or any of its officers or members, or by any person acting under its authority or in its behalf." Imagine that put in force in Putnam County!

A PROBLEM OF ADMINISTRATION, NOT RACE.

In his suggestive essay on "Race Questions and Prejudices," in the current *International Journal of Ethics*, Prof. Josiah Royce discusses with great ability and charm a question which for Americans daily becomes of larger and larger import. No one can hereafter claim to be an authority on race antagonisms unless he has acquainted himself with this scientific and masterly treatment of the subject. Here is the college investigator at his best, for Professor Royce has obviously written without prejudice and solely with the desire to establish certain truths. But he has not contented himself with theoretical studies; a part of his paper rests upon personal observations of the relations of whites and blacks in the West Indies.

Professor Royce's intimation that the race problem is a misnomer for a difficulty of quite another character, of itself throws light. Neither in Trinidad nor in Jamaica did he discover what is known as our Southern problem. There are no mobs there and no bitter antagonisms. There are other topics of conversation than the negro; the whole economic and political life of the islands does not revolve around him. The question of intermarriage between blacks and whites is not the final outcome of every conversation dealing with the future of the islands. Your white West Indian would be astounded to read such an indictment as a Southern white man presents against his own section in the current *South Atlantic Quarterly*. The Rev. John E. White there declares that the source of the South's "past and present weakness" was and is "the absorption of the Southern thought by one single issue—the question of the negro." The Jamaica race question, Professor Royce reports, was solved "by the simplest means in the world, viz., by English administration and by English reticence," and in this he confirms the view of an English colonial official, as expressed last year in the *International Quarterly*. When once the sad period of emancipation with its consequent disorder had passed, the Englishman organized Jamaica, established good courts which by fair treatment gained the confidence of the blacks, and then trained negroes to police the other negroes under white direction. The courts dealt with the too forward and litigious negro by encouraging him to air his grievances in court and by punishing him moderately when he deserved it. This, says Professor Royce, is a "truly English type of social pedagogy," which makes of the negro a "conscious helper towards good social order."

But administration did not stop there. It filled the island with good roads, reduced tropical diseases to a minimum, established a civil service for which in due time black men qualified, taught the population loyalty and order, and helped them "up from slavery." In this work, reticence played a great part: the superior did not dwell upon his superiority nor the other's inferiority; "superiority is best shown by good deeds and by few boasts." Moreover, there was an absence of certain irritating and annoying customs familiar to our South. Legal hanging is regarded as more desirable than lynching; there are no attempts to "make an example" by burning up a negro quarter as at Springfield, Ohio; and black women are not regarded as deserving of abominable violence because of mere relationship to an alleged murderer, as has happened in Mississippi and elsewhere. In short, the law takes its course, and the population remains calm.

All this leads Professor Royce to say to the Southerner:

"The problem that endangers the sanctity of your homes and that is said sometimes to make lynching a necessity, is not a race-problem. It is an administrative problem. You have never organized a country constabulary. Hence, when various social conditions, amongst which the habit of irritating public speech about race-questions is indeed one, though only one condition, have tended to the producing and to the arousing of extremely dangerous criminals in your communities, you have no adequate means of guarding against the danger. . . . If you insist that in some districts the white population is too sparse or too poor, or both, to furnish an efficient country constabulary constantly on duty, why, then, have you not long since trained black men to police black men? Sympathy with the law grows with responsibility for its administration. If it is revolting to you to see black men possessed with the authority of a country constabulary, still, if you will, you can limit their authority to a control over their own race."

Whether it would thus be possible to limit the powers of a colored constabulary is open to question. But the record of the American negroes in the army of the United States, under both colored and white officers, makes it perfectly plain that they can be trained to be obedient, faithful, and self-restrained servants of the law. At Tuskegee the spirit of discipline inculcated by colored teachers is the school's most remarkable exhibit. We have long maintained that, in view of all the conditions

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in the South, his own ignorance, and his terrible heritage from slavery, the negro is singularly docile, singularly law-abiding. That he is wholly without that desire to use a knife or revolver so characteristic of the Italian and the Greek, is creditable to him, and a great piece of good fortune for the country.

We shall not dwell further on the contrast between Jamaican and Southern administrative conditions, save to speak of affairs in Louisville. Its citizens complain that the negroes are a menace, and that they are retrograding. Yet they do next to nothing to elevate them, while setting the worst possible example of bad government before them. As if this were not enough, the city is without modern housing or sanitary laws; and the negroes are crowded into cellars or abandoned stables—precisely the conditions for a high death-rate and for a low morality. Here English administrative methods would work a revolution, if only because the best whites would coöperate with the best blacks—even if they did not eat with them. Truly, Professor Royce is correct. Too many Americans, North and South, "view as a fatal and overwhelming race-problem what is a perfectly curable accident of our present form of administration"; and this is as true in the slums of New York as in the desolate stretches of Mississippi or Arkansas.

DECORATIVE ARTS IN AMERICA.

An English architect visiting among us has made some stir by pointing out the low estate of decoration in America. His criticism touched particularly upon the uninteresting and stereotyped nature of our designs for furniture, and upon the inappropriateness of our architectural ornamentation. A number of local decorators and mural painters who commented on these strictures, agreed in the main. A movement in the National Arts Club to found a school of fine craftsmanship shows a feeling that all is not well in this field. The Director of the Metropolitan Museum undoubtedly feels that he is acting as a missionary *in partibus* when he brings over specimens of fine wood-carving and copies of old interiors. A certain uneasiness on the topic is periodically expressed. Our fathers and mothers hoped to be saved æsthetically by installing "Eastlake" chairs—uncommonly uncomfortable they were to sit or look upon—and we ourselves are only gradually escaping the domination of "Mission" carpentry and "fumed" woodwork.

In the matter of furniture and interior decoration, we have never fully recovered from the hideousness of the decadent Empire style, and the even worse anarchy that prevailed through the sixties and seventies. One has only to observe the woodwork of the houses built in the forties or earlier to perceive that then a standard of taste, narrow, to be sure, but cultivated and intelligent, still existed, and was served by a craftsmanship which, if by no means inventive, was at least competent. A comparison of a very humble interior of that period with those of to-day would show that we have passed from intelligent adaptation of two closely related styles—the so-called Georgian and the early Empire—to haphazard and lifeless copying of all the historic styles. From this point of view, the unenterprising devotion of our handful of Beaux-Arts architects to the Louis XVI. style has at least the merit of being a protest against the ruling flabby eclecticism. It may be that a scholarly revival of one style will furnish a basis for future invention.

All along the line is displayed the same incapacity for the simpler elementary forms of design. The best mural painting of our artists is set up amid machine-made decoration, usually of the most inappropriate sort. Unhappily, the average mural painter is incapable of designing the simplest arabesque for himself; both he and his architects are reduced to selecting a border or moulding from the books, which is coldly copied by a mediocre craftsman. Those artists who, like Mr. La Farge, have rebelled against this condition, and have sought to attain an harmonious setting for their wall paintings, have struggled against practically insurmountable difficulties. In external decoration for architecture the case is the same. How rarely is the eye pleased by a bit of truly inventive design like the façade of the New York Yacht Club, or even by well-executed and effectively distributed ornament, such as one finds in the new Madison Square Church.

Henry James, in his recent analytical ejaculations upon transformed New York, finds the particular root of the evil in the checkerboard skyscraper. When a building must consist of the greatest possible amount of rentable window space, he asks, Where is the place for beautiful design or incidental ornament? This seems to lay upon a particular form of speculative building the blame that should fall upon the public taste generally. One should condemn not the thrift that insists on these steel and glass houses, but the vanity on the owner's part and the hurry on the architect's, which fill these vast wall spaces with superfluous and ineffective ornament. Would that more architects might take the time not to decorate! That might force some study of the actual problem of design, and might lead, along the line of color, perhaps, at least to skilful evasion of the present sieve-like effects.

The real responsibility for the fallen estate of decorative art among us must be sought in the undue contempt in which it is held by artists and the artistic minority, and in the general absence of taste among the newly-rich classes. This scorn of applied design on the part of the artistic is eminently provincial and bespeaks a limitation. The best artists of the Renaissance were willing to decorate furniture, design frames, or undertake an entire interior. They passed readily from painting to sculpture and architecture. Raphael and his school evidently took a keen delight in the invention of arabesque patterns. Even in the eighteenth century, the culmination of academic ideals, nobody seems to have thought it was *infra dig.* for Clodion and Falconnet to apply their exquisite sculpture to the adornment of furniture and clocks. Condemned by the professional artist and misunderstood by its best patrons, decorative design either has fallen into commercial hands, or has fared worse in the keeping of an army of ill-trained amateurs. Mr. La Farge has invented the beautiful art of painting in opalescent glass, only to see it commercially vulgarized in his own lifetime. In architectural bronze work and iron work alone can one discern a promising condition. Meanwhile eager amateurs here and there glaze pots which they have bought in open market, painfully imitate colonial needlework, bind books in unhandy fashion, set stones in random collocations of precious metals, or otherwise illustrate the ineptitude of the individual when unsustained by an artistic tradition.

The remedy will come, we believe, not by direct effort, but by the education of the wealthy classes into something like taste. To syndicate a regiment of under-trained and over-individualized craftsmen into a school would merely increase the output of bad and eccentric craftsmanship. On the other hand, the moment that our rich men and our rulers who have the say in public building, learn to know good design from bad, good design will follow their demand. The growth of museums and the indiscriminate collecting that is going on should further this process of education. The possessor of a single piece of fine wood-carving should gradually come to see the inferiority of those poor excerpts from French châteaux and Italian palaces with which his mansion is decorated. It should not forever be possible to live with the best Persian carpets and the finest tapestries of Flanders and France and tolerate the kind of wall and floor covering that our commercial decorators affect. One may at least hope something from the generation of privileged children that is growing up amid a mixture of the best and the worst decoration. A child's taste is usually singularly sensitive and correct, and despondent æsthetes among us may fairly take this comfort, that, if we are in worse state than our grandfathers, we have at least emerged from our fathers'

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complacent acquiescence in ugliness. Our children may actually rise to the conception that an identical merit obtains in a fine mural painting and a fine door escutcheon, that the makers of both are artists, and that a keen appreciation of the minor arts is the surest guarantee of a healthful condition in the fine arts.

NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER.

Dean Shaler died at his home in Cambridge on April 10. The fluctuations of his last illness, extending over more than a fortnight, were followed with intense anxiety, not merely in Cambridge, but throughout the community. Among Harvard students and graduates he enjoyed a unique popularity. By a common impulse, the flags on the students' clubs and on the city buildings were hung at half-mast; and on the afternoon of his funeral the shops in Old Cambridge were closed—a tribute which, during the past generation, no other Harvard professor has had. In his death the *Nation* likewise mourns an old friend and contributor. His first review, on "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," was printed in 1869, in the eighth volume of this journal, and he continued on its active staff of reviewers until 1898.

Professor Shaler was born near Newport, Ky., on February 20, 1841. His people had migrated from England to the West Indies, and thence to New York State. His great-uncle, William Shaler, was appointed in 1815 by President Madison consul-general to the Barbary States, with residence at Algiers, where, in concert with Commodore Decatur, he negotiated the peace that put an end to Algerine piracy on American commerce. His father, Nathaniel Burger Shaler, after graduating from Harvard College in 1827 and from the Medical School two years later, spent some time in Jamaica, then settled in Kentucky, and came to hold an honored place among the physicians of his section. He married into the Southgate family, which had crossed the mountains from Virginia. Thus, in stock and antecedents, the future scientist had a fortunate inheritance. His early education he received from a tutor, a learned German named Escher, who taught him the humanities, discussed philosophy with him, and fostered his insatiable appetite for reading. His father encouraged his taste for natural history.

In 1859 the youth was sent to Harvard, where he enrolled himself in the Lawrence Scientific School, and very soon attracted notice, whether by his hearty and downright manner or by his quick, keen, and versatile mind. He pursued the course in zoölogy, did special work with Louis Agassiz, and graduated Bachelor of Science in 1862. Not waiting for Commencement, Mr. Shaler hurried to Kentucky, enlisted in the Federal army, and was commissioned captain of the Fifth Kentucky Battery, which came to be known as "Shaler's," and during the next two years he saw active service, for the most part in his native State. At one time he was on Tillson's staff, at another he was chief of artillery for fortifications under Burnside; at Perryville, in 1862, he helped to repulse Bragg's invasion, and in 1863 his command was sent to intercept Morgan's raid into Ohio. The military experience, besides giving him wide human contacts, taught him self-discipline. The impress of it made one feel, in later years, that behind the delightful talker, with his flashes of dazzling speculation, was the man of action, who had looked danger in the face.

Broken in health, he resigned from the army in 1864, and returned to Cambridge, where he received an appointment as instructor in Palæontology, and in 1869, at what even then was an unusually early age, he was promoted full professor. This chair he held continuously till his death, its title after 1888 being changed to Geology. As he was one of the first American men of science to accept evolution, it required courage in him to interpret that doctrine under the very eyes of Louis Agassiz, who still adhered to the old cosmogony; but he had tact as well as courage, and his relations with the then "pope" of American science remained untroubled. After Agassiz's death in 1873, Mr. Shaler had a free hand at the Museum, where, needless to say, Darwinism speedily prevailed. In 1891, on the resignation of Prof. W. S. Chaplin, he became Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School, which, under his direction, has grown rapidly in numbers, and, what is of real consequence, in efficiency. It was Dean Shaler who, in 1893, brought Prof. I. N. Hollis to Harvard to take charge of the Department of Engineering; he planned the metallurgical instruction, which is already second to none in America; and he has been largely responsible for the improvement in the intellectual standard and moral character of the members of the School. The last months of his life were devoted to the organization of the Graduate School of Applied Science, an object long in his mind, and at length made possible through the magnificent bequest which, at his suggestion, the late Gordon McKay left to Harvard.

But while Mr. Shaler in these and other ways stamped his influence on the structural growth of the University, it was not as an able administrator that forty classes of Harvard students knew him best; it was as a lecturer of unique gifts and as a friend that he stirred their interest and kindled their admiration and affection. He gave a course in geology, known as "Natural History 4," which became the most popular of any at Harvard, frequented by so large a proportion of undergraduates that in the space of a generation it attracted more than seven thousand of them into his lecture-room. There they found a thin, wiry man, somewhat under six feet in stature, but erect, quick of gesture, with a great mass of tawny hair brushed German-fashion away from his forehead, a tawny beard, a long, prominent nose, and pale blue eyes, which had, on occasion, now a penetrating flash, now a humorous twinkle. This was Shaler, and, as soon as he began to lecture, his hearers discovered that he was unlike every one else they had ever heard. He poured out a stream of wonderful entertainment; science, anecdote, wit, humor, reminiscence, pertinent illustration, or mirthful aside, followed each other in sparkling sequence. He used a wholly individual language, strong, vivid, picturesque, with plenty of simple Saxon raciness, and, at need, he coined fantastic but expressive words, or drew from the Shaksperian vocabulary. His laugh, which had many stops, was the laugh of the man of humor, and often confirmed or carried forward his meaning. He alone knew with how large a number of students he came into personal relations, how many he helped with advice or money, how many he found positions for after they left college. If any was sick, Mr. Shaler made straight for his room or the hospital, to see that everything was done for him.

But Mr. Shaler's popular lectures, and his personal friendly oversight of hundreds of students, consumed only a part of his time. He always conducted one or more advanced courses in palæontology, and during the past fifteen years he had shouldered the growing responsibilities of his deanship. He also directed the Summer School, which, in fact, grew out of his practice, early in the seventies, of offering instruction to volunteer students during the long vacation. Still, these various services to Harvard did not exhaust his energy. Appointed in 1872 Director of the State Geological Survey of Kentucky, he held that post for seven years. From 1884 to 1900 he was geologist in charge of the Atlantic Division of the United States Coast Survey. As a geological expert, his advice was sought by some of the largest mining enterprises in the country. At different times he was a member of Massachusetts commissions on highways, agriculture, and the extermination of the gypsy moth. As if this were not enough, he took part in local political matters, to the extent at least of aiding in the election of proper candidates, and he expressed himself freely on national issues.

Mr. Shaler began to print early, and before his death he had brought out twenty-five or thirty volumes, besides unnumbered magazine articles and scientific papers. His books illustrate the breadth of his interests. In science, for instance, there are a geological manual, 'The Story of Our Continent,' 'The Interpretation of Nature,' 'Illustrations of the Earth's Surface,' 'Fossil Brachiopods of the Ohio Valley,' 'Features of Coasts and Oceans,' 'American Highways,' and 'Domesticated Animals.' To history belongs the volume on Kentucky in the "American Commonwealths" series. 'The United States of America' gives an encyclopædic survey of the physical and material elements of the republic. In quite a different class fall four books which have appeared in the past five years—'The Individual: A Study of Life and Death,' 'The Citizen,' 'The Neighbor,' and 'Man and the Earth.' These present in clear and often striking language what we may call Mr. Shaler's philosophy, his final views on the relations of the individual with the infinite, on his political and civic contacts, and on his social and human ties, with an examination, half-scientific, half-prophetic, of man's probable destiny on the earth. Only a critic endowed with Mr. Shaler's versatility could pass an intelligent opinion on this great body of work; but even an unscientific reader cannot fail to do justice to the Shaleresque qualities of these later volumes, so rich in suggestion, so stimulating, so alert, and so human. A few years ago, Professor Shaler surprised his associates and the reading public by publishing at a single volley five dramas under the

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general title 'Elizabeth of England.' He undertook their composition to disprove the assertion of one of his colleagues that the pursuit of science destroys the poetic imagination. These plays certainly show that in his case the imaginative faculty never languished, and they are much more than a mere *tour de force*.

After all, it is the great university figure whose passing we deplore. By his many talents and his ceaseless industry, wedded to a large, helpful nature, he showed that the calling of a university professor has the noblest possibilities; he humanized it. There is the constant danger that the drudge, the bookworm, the narrow specialist, shall bring learning into disrepute by divorcing it from life; it was Mr. Shaler's distinction to prove by his example that a professor may touch life on all sides, carrying to the world the disinterestedness of the university, taking to the university the higher practicalness and vitality of the world, and teaching both that that is the true learning which most enriches life and best reveals "come l'uomo s'eterna."

ON INDIA'S FRONTIER.

PESHAWAR, February 2, 1906.

In these days when the Amir of Afghanistan so rigorously excludes all white men from his dominions, there is to the traveller a certain satisfaction in obtaining at least a glimpse of his borders; and when such a glimpse combines a visit to Peshawar and the historic Khaibar Pass near by, a trip to the northwest frontier of India proves to be well worth while. Peshawar itself is reached from Delhi by a journey of thirty-six hours in the train northwards through the Punjab. It is a city with a distinctly northern atmosphere, and, though anything but beautiful in itself, has a decided attraction in its inhabitants, who are for the most part tall, strapping Afghans, clad in dirty white shawls and fantastically wound turbans. They have very light skins and fierce, bearded faces. From their general lawless, if not desperate, appearance we can understand that in entering the native city after dark, an Englishman takes his life in his hands, if he does not actually throw it away.

Ten miles to the west rises a chain of mountains, part of the system of natural barriers which shut off India from Central Asia, but at this very point pierced by the famous Khaibar Pass, through which from time immemorial, from Alexander to Tamerlane, ambitious conquerors have led their invading armies. The pass, which is some thirty miles long and extends across the strip of No Man's Country dividing India from Afghanistan, is in charge of an English officer, called the political agent of the Khaibar, and is fortified by several blockhouse posts, mounted at intervals on the hillsides so as to command the road below. Three quarters of the way through the pass the English have their furthest post, a strong fort called Landi Kotal, garrisoned by several hundred native troops. Six miles further on, the mountains end, and a broad valley marks the beginning of Afghan territory.

There are probably few more unsafe regions in the world than this Afghan borderland. The unruly mountain tribes, who live practically in a state of anarchy, have for generations spent their lives in raiding villages, robbing caravans, and quarrelling among themselves. As a result they are recklessly bloodthirsty, fighters first and foremost, holding life appallingly cheap. Thus the Khaibar Pass is closed, except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the hills on both sides are heavily picketed. On these days native caravans toil through the defile escorted by squads of native troops. It seems rather curious that these troops should be recruited from the same Afridi villages, and even families, whose warriors are likely to murder passers-through, but the English could not with safety employ other races of Sepoys in such a hostile neighborhood. At the same time internal warfare is so common among the Afridis themselves that they see nothing unnatural in having a son in the English service shoot his own father or brothers who are engaged in some predatory raid.

Ordinarily tourists and even British officers are not allowed in the pass as far as Landi Kotal, but have to be content with the bit extending to Ali Masjid. Fortunately, however, we secured the necessary "special permission" to proceed to Landi Kotal, and, armed with a note in Hindustani to that effect, we set out early one gray morning in a two-wheeled tonga, drawn by a pair of swift ponies. Quickly outside of Peshawar, we raced for an hour over a bare level plain towards the mountains. Then we passed Fort Jumrud, a post connected with Peshawar by a military railroad, and in a few minutes were in the mouth of the pass, ascending the winding and twisting road (also military) which the English have carefully built from one end of the pass to the other. Another hour among the mountains brought us to Ali Masjid, where we dismounted to present our pass, while the driver found a relay of ponies. On this Friday we found starting on its way to Kabul a large caravan of camels, huge, awkward, shambling beasts laden with heavy packs, accompanied by a number of ragged, uncouth drivers on foot, and escorted by a guard of "Khaibar Rifles," the regiment of Afridi troops stationed at Landi Kotal which pickets the pass—against its own relatives.

Soon distancing the slow-moving caravan, we found that the chief interest of the day was about to begin, for a few miles beyond Ali Masjid, we came upon our first Afridi villages, square, mud-walled forts, some of them strengthened by tall mud towers pierced with narrow slits for rifles. From now on, the road, passing through a widening valley, led past several score of these unique communities, each resembling an isolated stronghold. They are in the nature of family dwellings, containing from fifteen to forty inhabitants, and cover on an average perhaps half an acre of ground. The enclosures give one the impression that each Afridi is at war with his neighbor, and that is not far from the truth, for life among these people is anything but tranquil. The pass is wide enough at this point to allow of a certain amount of agriculture, by which they find means of subsistence. But their fighting qualities are predominant, and the distinguishing institutions among the Afridis is the blood feud. It is in this that we find the explanation of their fortified homes.

Since the Afridis cannot always unite in slaying common foes, their bloodthirsty instincts find expression in the system of hereditary feuds, tribe against tribe, section against section, subsection against subsection, down to family against family. The whole thing, with its complicated code of etiquette, presents a maze of quarrels, murders, and revenges far too perplexing for a Western mind to grasp, and entails a familiarity with family pedigrees, histories, and relationships for generations back, quite bewildering to any but these spirited Mohammedans—for they are Mohammedans, and, though their religion does not prevent blood feuds, it regulates to some extent their prosecution. Truces, often of months, are declared at times of religious festivals, marriages, and the like; and a truce may be declared at any time when both parties are willing.

An elaborate code of etiquette, scrupulously observed and rarely broken, is perhaps the strangest feature of the feud system. For instance, the Government road is held to be neutral ground, and no man will harm his bitterest enemy on this highway. Upon this the English insist; otherwise, as far as the authorities are concerned, the murdering goes on unheeded. Accordingly, many of the houses near the road are connected with it by deep trenches protected by stone walls, by which householders may reach neutral territory without exposing themselves to the fire of their neighbors, who may be sitting, rifle in hand, in their towers near by. Another condition of neutrality recognized by etiquette is that of service in the British forces. Hence, as many of the Afridis spend a part of the year in the ranks, two men at deadly feud will serve in the same company as bosom friends. Then, as soon as their uniforms are off, they return to their native village and shoot each other at sight. At the present moment two important natives at feud have made a truce in order to undertake in partnership a Government contract for a road. When the road is finished and the rupees are divided, they will be once more marks for each other's rifles. All the people in the pass on one side of the road are at feud with those on the other. Of course, for the most part, such big tribal feuds by mutual consent are allowed to lag, what with truces and festivals, and only the bitterest private feuds are prosecuted without cessation. Thus two families may wage violent war though their respective sections or tribes are at truce. In the most vehement enmities, where there can be no truce, it is a case of war to the knife; one of the families is ultimately exterminated, including the women and children down to the last family dog or chicken. According to the authorities, there have been about ten "casualties" in the last four or five months, besides some indiscriminate "popping."

Passing by the Afridi houses—each one of which might well be called its possessor's "castle"—we approach the large fort at Landi Kotal, where we find a hospitable Englishman in command, busily drilling some raw recruits from the neighborhood. On climbing a high spur across the valley, crowned by a small outpost, we obtain a splendid view through the end of the pass into Afghanistan. In the clear, bracing air we can see for miles over a broad valley

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dotted with villages until our sight loses itself beyond in successive walls of high mountains covered far down their sides with snow. Sixty miles in a straight line beyond those mountains lies Kabul, while Jelalabad is but half that distance—practically as near Landi Kotal on the west as Peshawar is on the east. Finally, descending to the fort again, we take lunch with the Commandant. From him we learn something of the general state of affairs on the frontier and hear some amusing tales about the inhabitants of the Khaibar.

Dark comes on early at Peshawar, and as we have a three-hour drive before us, we take early leave of Landi Kotal, and are soon passing to right and left the silent Afridi strongholds. There are almost no people on the road, and few signs of life in sight save a group of old women with jars on their heads, who are fetching water from a well to one of the houses. Now and then on the hillside we notice stray couples of pickets, stalwart Afridis in khaki uniforms, whiling away their duty with a smoke and a chat. Before long we leave behind the last enclosure with its intrenched pathway leading to the road, and its expanse of forbidding brown walls unbroken except by rows of loopholes. The pass narrows, and there remain only fifteen miles of barren mountains between us and the plains of India. The day has been most satisfactory. Thanks to the pickets, we have been able to penetrate into the Khaibar far enough to see something of the conditions of life among the Afridi tribesmen; in fact, we have so nearly crossed the wild borderland as to get the desired glimpse into the forbidden state beyond. Judging by the character of the Afghans and the uninviting aspect of their mountainous country, we should expect to find Afghanistan still more inhospitable than its Indian frontiers.

RICHARD B. HOBART.

GENERAL LAMARQUE.

PARIS, March 28, 1906.

M. Bertrand Lasserre has used the inedited papers of General Lamarque for a volume which he has just published on the period of 'The Hundred Days in La Vendée.' Let us first say a few words about General Lamarque, who is known now only by his political career, his eloquent speeches in the French Chambers, and the popular demonstration which took place the day of his funeral. He made war for twenty-two years during the period of the Revolution and the Empire. He spent five years in Italy from 1807 to 1811; four years in Spain. On the fall of the Empire he seemed condemned to rest, but the period of the Hundred Days gave him a part to play in Brittany and the Vendée. This episode is not much known; it was lost in the history of the great but brief struggle of Napoleon against the Allies, which ended at Waterloo.

In the popular mind, Brittany and the Vendée are confused even in our times; in reality, the River Loire cuts in two these regions, where civil war so long raged. On the north of the Loire we find Brittany proper, Quiberon, Le Maine, the land of the Chouans and of Cadoudal; on the south is the Vendée.

"During the Revolution, as well as during the Hundred Days," says M. Lasserre, "on both sides of the river people fought for the same cause, without ever succeeding in coördinating or uniting their efforts; the insurrection to the north and the insurrection to the south remained, at different times, completely distinct. In 1815, the events which form the subject of General Lamarque's notes concern only the Vendée—that is to say, the vast quadrilateral bounded on the north by the Loire, from the Ponts-de-Cé to its mouth; on the west, by the ocean; on the south by the Sèvre Niortaise; on the east by the meridian of Bressuire, the hills of lower Poitou and the flat land of the Gâtine."

In this vast region there are three parts of very different aspect, commonly called the Bocage, the Plain, the Marsh, names which constantly occur in the history of the insurrection of the Vendée, which you will find in the memoirs of Madame de la Rochejacquelein, in Balzac's admirable novels, in a hundred other books. This enormous surface, which at the time of the Consulate and the Empire was intersected by very few roads, is attached to the central part of France like a sort of virgin island. Its inhabitants, who belong to the Celtic race, were like a people apart. The inhabitants of the Bocage especially, a very sylvan region, had been preserved from all outside contact; of pure life, savage and distrustful, brave almost to madness, attached to Church and King from generation to generation, they had among them natural leaders, captains of parishes, chiefs of districts, whom they blindly followed. The Royalist party of the Vendée remained quite torpid under the Consulate and the Empire; it began to revive only in 1814. Louis XVIII. disappointed the local chiefs of the Vendée by ordering the Chouans, Bretons, and Vendéans to surrender to the Government their old guns of great calibre for the equipment of the National Guards. The effect of this ordinance was disastrous. La Vendée felt wounded. It was nearly disarmed when Napoleon returned from Elba.

The King was urged for a moment to retire to the Vendée; he preferred to go to Lille, and to remain in touch with the allied Powers. He sent the Duke de Bourbon to the Vendée; the Duke obeyed. The Duke d'Angoulême and his wife were at Bordeaux; the Comte d'Artois was on the road to Lyons. The Duke de Bourbon had left Paris in great haste, without any staff, almost without money; he arrived at Angers on the 14th of March, preceded by M. d'Antichamp. He found at Nantes the Count de Suzannet and Prince Louis de la Trémoille. The Duke de Bourbon, father of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, found the Vendée irritated against Louis XVIII.

"In order to draw the province out of its discontented reserve and to galvanize it as in old days, there would have been need of another man than the Duke de Bourbon, the ex-commander-in-chief of the useless army of Coblentz, an old man of fine presence, but of weak and almost vacillating character. Besides, the peasants were far from having their old temper; more than one chief discovered with much sadness the weakening of the royalist energy by the slow infiltration of the new ideas."

The Duke de Bourbon tried, however, to organize some armed battalions, but he soon felt that his efforts were vain when he heard of Napoleon's return to Paris. The Prince left Beaupréau, where he had established his headquarters, in the night of the 24th of March, alone with the Count de Rully; he travelled from farm to farm, and, after a journey of eleven days, he embarked at Paimbœuf in a small vessel which took him to Spain. Curiously enough, it was only after his departure that the royalist chiefs became more active, each of them working in his own district. The principal officers were Saint-Hubert, Dupérat, Duchaffault, Ludovic de Charette, Suzannet, Sapinaud, D'Antichamp. Louis de la Rochejacquelein, having accompanied the King to the frontier, left him to go to England to procure arms and munitions, and reached the coast of La Vendée. Gen. Canuel, who had adopted the cause of the Bourbons in 1814, was among the insurgents and had become their major-general. On the arrival of the Marquis de la Rochejacquelein, the insurrection, which had been prepared in secret, broke out, on the 15th of May. Four army corps were to occupy the Vendée, under the command of D'Antichamp, of Sapinaud, of Suzannet, of La Rochejacquelein. The insurgents hoped to have fifty-one thousand men under arms, but the reality was far below this expectation; two-thirds of the peasants had no other arms but their old-fashioned guns, one-third had no arms at all.

On the 17th of May the Emperor heard at the Tuileries the news of the rising in the Vendée and of the arrival of the Marquis de la Rochejacquelein; he immediately dispatched troops to the Loire. General Corbineau was sent to the Vendée, but the means placed at his disposal were insufficient, as the Emperor intended to limit his efforts in the West, and was giving all his attention to the approaching campaign against the Allies. M. de Suzannet and Sapinaud recognized La Rochejacquelein as the general-in-chief; they all three marched on Napoléon-Vendée. They slept at Aizenay on the 20th of May, and were surprised in the night and obliged to fly. At Cholet, La Rochejacquelein had an interview with another Vendéan chief, D'Antichamp, who delivered his command to him; they all marched towards the coast in order to protect a second disembarkation of English arms and munitions. By that time Gen. Lamarque had arrived and taken command of all the troops of the west, which formed the army of the Loire; he put everything in order, interrupted all communications between the two sides of the river. Full powers were given to him; fourteen departments were placed under his orders. His headquarters were established at Angers.

Fouché, head of the police, sent three agents to the Vendée, in order to make overtures to the insurgent chiefs; he was well acquainted with their divisions, their jealousies, and had always had a foot in both camps. He was as ready to serve the royalist cause as the cause of the Empire; he knew that the fate of Napoleon would soon be decided on the battlefield, and his object was to gain time. The mission of his envoys had for its first effect to create division in the ranks of the insurgent chiefs. The Marquis de la Rochejacquelein and M. d'Antichamp were both jealous of preëminence, and their forces ceased to act in common. The first basis of a pacification was discussed; the forces of Sapinaud, Suzannet, and D'Antichamp returned to their homes. They met on their march Gen. Travot, and, notwithstanding their su-

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periority in numbers, they did not attack him.

It is difficult to give a clear account of the confused events which followed. La Rochejacquelein lost his life in an engagement, and consternation became general among the insurgents. Sapinaud took the command; there was another battle at Roche-Servière, in which the Vendéans were defeated, and M. de Susannet mortally wounded. Military operations came naturally to an end after Waterloo; and the Vendéan chiefs signed at Cholet a treaty of peace with Gen. Lamarque. The new Provisional Government formed in Paris after the abdication of the Emperor gave little attention to the pacification of the Vendée; it is to the credit of Sapinaud and his companions that, on the circulation of a rumor in the Vendée that the allied Powers intended to dismember France, they informed Gen. Lamarque that they would unite their forces with his in order to fight against the foreigner. Louis XVIII., on his return, discharged the Army of the Loire. Gen. Lamarque was exiled for a time, till 1818.

In 1828 he was elected Deputy from the Department of the Landes. The history of the brief insurrection of the Vendée in 1815 is told with much care by M. Lasserre, though he recognizes that it was an affair "of pure sentiment. Caused by the return from Elba, it had a laborious beginning, and developed at random, irrationally, according to the caprice of different chiefs, and committed suicide in the end." He adds that twenty thousand men were kept in Brittany and in the Vendée in order to quiet these provinces, and that "these twenty thousand men, flung on the battlefield of Waterloo, would perhaps have hindered the disaster."

Correspondence.

LITERATURE VERSUS PHILOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial article in No. 2128 on "Teaching Literature in Colleges" must strike a responsive chord in the breasts of a large number of American university men who were compelled to forego the study of literature for the sake of philology—either because the instructors all stressed philology, or because it was practically impossible to get a degree with high credit based on purely literary work.

But shall we not have to wait until a change comes over the "American spirit" before we can hope for a change in the methods of teaching "literature"? So long as this measures the value of a college course by the extent to which it will increase a man's money-making power; so long as we have the "strenuous" spirit penetrating more and more into every department of life, just so long will the Gradgrind method which enables a man's work to be weighed, measured, or counted, be the prevalent method. We Americans are mad for tangible results; and in seeking them we lose sight of the spirit of life which gives force and meaning to these results.

G. S. W.

Greensboro, N. C., April 13, 1906.

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Cannot something be done to check the assaults of those subsidized vandals, the Simplified-Spelling Board, upon the finest of modern arts, the traditional English orthography? They would destroy at one blow, if they could, a nice and delicate sense for visual symbols which has been built up through centuries. Consider, for example, the following quotation from one of Keats's letters to George and Georgiana Keats, written under date of February 14, 1818:

"We—*i. e.*, Brown and I—sit opposite one another all day authorizing (N. B., an 's' instead of a 'z' would give a different meaning)."

Is this fine perception of a difference between *authorizing* and *authorising* utterly worthless? Has it no artistic or literary value? Or, to ask a more pertinent question, what is its equivalent in United States Steel bonds? I call on the Simplified-Spelling Board for a reply.

Philologus.

"COMPARATIVE LITERATURE" AND "PHILOLOGY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In connection with your recent suggestive editorial on "Aspects of Comparative Literature" (*Nation*, March 29, 1906), it may not be out of place to recall two prior, authoritative utterances on similar themes. Trustworthy documents on the general conception of literary and linguistic study have been relatively infrequent on this side the water, where, perhaps, they are at present needed most; we should do ill to neglect the few that we already possess. At all events, a comparative examination of your editorial and the two earlier articles in question might be of considerable advantage to many teachers of language and literature in this country, if only by way of fostering precision in the use of fundamental and inclusive terms. When, for example, we are handling a weapon of great range like "philological" or "comparative literature," it behooves us to discover the right end and the proper make.

The expression 'comparative literature," as Prof. C. M. Gayley pointed out several years ago (*Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1903), is fashioned improperly; it is a rude, even barbarous term, unfit, assuredly, for employment in the defence of polite learning. To speak plainly, we may brand it as a virtual solecism. According to good usage, the word *comparative* is associated in similar combinations, not with a noun representing an objective material—such as *literature*, in any customary sense—but with a noun containing the idea of a verbal action, a methodical process—such as *anatomy, physiology, philology*, and the like. Thus, we say not *comparative embryos*, but *comparative embryology;* not *comparative forms* (of plants, etc.), but *comparative morphology;* and, finally, not *comparative language*, or *literature*, but, as our safest teachers tell us, *comparative philology.**

The marriage of *comparative* with *literature* was not made in Germany. *Compared literature* (*la littérature comparée*), we might say, with the French, were the phrase not objectionable on other grounds. *Comparative study of literature*, though clumsy, is tolerable, and may pass muster with those who cannot accustom themselves to the true and inclusive signification of that much-abused word *philology*.

This word we Americans almost invariably grasp by the wrong end, although the Germans since the days of the immortal August Boeckh have been trying to teach us and others its real function. Apparently, we have been willing to appropriate from them anything in or around the realm of *Sprachwissenschaft* and *Litteraturgeschichte*, save a knowledge of the origin and application of this single, embracing term *Philologie*. As a result, most of us recognize no term whatsoever that comprehends the study of language and literature combined, though these two things are never separate in nature; and, in our teaching, some of us even try to divorce what God has joined together. At any rate, the consequence of a lack of precision at the top of our nomenclature is a certain amount of confusion in our thinking all the way down to the bottom of literary and linguistic disciplines. Professor Gayley, of course, has come to our rescue here also, with the admirable essay cited above, "What is 'Comparative Literature'?" But, more particularly, your readers may be referred to Prof. Albert S. Cook's presidential address on "The Province of English Philology," delivered before the Modern Language Association of America in 1897, and printed subsequently in the *Publications* of that society, Vol. XIII., No. 2. Professor Cook's plea for a broader definition of philology seems irresistible. Fortunately, this valuable address is to reappear shortly in a volume of essays by the same author, to be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A reprint of Professor Gayley's article would be welcome.

Lane Cooper.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 12, 1906.

[The late Asa Gray used to object to "*Comparative* Zoölogy" in the title of the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for speedy appearance Bishop Potter's 'Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops,' and a translation of Fogazzarro's 'Il Santo.'

Recent political events lend special interest to the announcement of a new illustrated history of Norway from the earliest time to 1905, by six of the leading historical writers of that country, each of whom will be responsible for the period as to which he is a recognized authority. The first volume, dealing with the Viking period and bringing the story down to 1035,

*Or simply *philology; comparative* is superfluous. The progress of knowledge in every field, great or small, rests necessarily upon two bases, observation and comparison. The scientist begins with the observation of smaller, contiguous magnitudes, and proceeds to greater and more remote. *Comparative literature* presupposes some such thing as *observative literature*. Our universities ought really to have established chairs in the latter before they took care of the former.

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will be written by Prof. Alexander Bugge, and will appear early in 1907. The sixth volume, which treats of the union with Sweden, will be by Prof. Ernst Sars.

Under the title of 'Les Sources Inédites de l'Histoire du Maroc,' the famous African traveller, Count Henri de Castries, will publish through the Paris house of Leroux a three-volume collection ranging from 1530 to 1845, the material consisting of the reproduction of manuscripts, reports, letters, and other documents. The first volume, of almost 700 pages, has just left the press. The author secured his materials in the archives and libraries of France, England, Austria, Spain, and other countries, and what he gives is the result of years of labor. The work is divided into three parts for as many dynasties. It closes with 1845 because in that year the definitive settlement of the boundary lines between the Moroccan and Algerian territories was made, and the modification of the treaties between the various European states and Morocco took place. Count de Castries criticises quite severely the elder literature on Morocco, especially Sir Lambert Playfair's 'Bibliography of Morocco.'

The Monuments of Egyptian Sculpture, as revealed in typical examples historically and chronologically ordered, are to be luxuriously illustrated in a folio issued at Munich by F. Bruckmann (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The text will be in German. The twelve parts proposed will be concluded at furthest by the end of 1907. The sample illustration is convincing.

Among the works which are being edited for the Hakluyt Society, London, are some of interest to Americans. Mr. Bolton Corney, the chief medical officer of the Fiji Islands, is preparing Four Narratives of Voyages undertaken by order of the Viceroy of Peru, in 1774, with detailed accounts of Tahiti and Easter Island. Mr. A. P. Maudslay is editing the translation, from the original MS. in Mexico, published by photography in 1904, of 'The True History of the Conquest of Mexico.' The honorary secretary and treasurer of the Society, Mr. Basil H. Soulsby, of the Map Department, British Museum, is bringing out a translation (from the copy in the Grenville collection at the British Museum) of Jacques Cartier's Short Narrative of the Voyage made to the Isles of Canada, Hochelage, and Saguenay, which was published at Paris in 1545. In view of the approaching tercentenary of the founding of Quebec, in 1608, this is a very timely republication. The second edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's Discoverie of Guiana, the first Hakluyt edition of which was so admirably edited by Sir Robert Schomburgk, is still promised by Sir Everard im Thurn, now Governor of Fiji, who was for some years an officer of the Government of British Guiana, in which colony he travelled much and familiarized himself with the ways of the Indians.

Volume IV. of Mr. J. W. Fortescue's 'History of the British Army,' now just appearing, ought to awaken fresh interest in the islands of the Caribbean Sea, the Mediterranean of the New World. The story of the campaigns there, from 1793 to 1798, is told consecutively in this volume, for the first time. Among the commanders who figure in it is Sir Charles Grey, afterwards Earl Grey, and father of the Lord Grey of the Reform Law (of 1832), and grandfather of the present Governor-General of Canada. It was this Sir Charles Grey who was named to be the British commander-in-chief against the Americans, had not peace been made in 1783. The volume is a long one, extending to 900 pages, and the author has found this part of his work the most difficult to handle of any subject he has yet attempted, owing to the complications of the narrative. The original letters in the Public Record Office, London, are the backbone of Mr. Fortescue's work; but many collections of private papers have been thrown open to him, so that abundant materials are available. The next volume will probably be delayed, owing to Mr. Fortescue's appointment to be the King's librarian at Windsor, and that will also necessitate his relinquishing the calendaring of the Colonial Series of State Papers at the Record Office, in which service he has so ably followed the late Mr. Noel Sainsbury; but it is hoped that he may yet find himself able to supervise those who will hereafter carry on the work, which is of such deep interest to all who are students of the colonial period of American history.

From the office of the *Publishers' Circular*, London (New York: *Publishers' Weekly*), we receive 'The English Catalogue of Books for 1905,' the 69th issue of this standard list. We need say no more of it except that it is typographically very neat in appearance, and that an appendix gathers up the names and output of learned societies, printing clubs, series, etc., and is followed by a directory of publishers, British, American, and Canadian. Some American books are included in the main list, and in the appendix.

Harper & Bros. have brought out in pale blue covers, rather taking except for the front design, a popular edition of 'Through the Looking Glass,' 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,' and 'The Hunting of the Snark.' The illustrations are Peter Newell's, less enjoyable than Tenniel's, whose distinction they lack, but at their best very humorous.

The Russo-Japanese war is already losing some of its prominence as a topic of the hour, but the struggle of the Russian people towards light and knowledge has never been more vividly before the public. For the latter if not for the former reason, J. Taburno's 'The Truth about the War' (Kansas City: Franklin Hudson Co.) may well attract readers. The author, an engineer by profession, sets down readably, candidly, and naïvely the impressions he received while with Kuropatkin in Mantchuria. The way in which his eyes were gradually opened to the shortcomings of the Russian Administration and to the virtues of the Russian peasant may be taken as typical of the larger process at present in active operation throughout the Empire.

Prof. John S. Phillimore has published through the Clarendon Press a verbal index to Propertius, which he had made in preparation for his intended commentary on that poet. It is far more complete than such indices usually are, even including full records of such particles as *et*, *-que*, *ut*, and *non*, which are generally disposed of with a few examples and a comprehensive etcetera. Thus, while the Propertian index in the Delphin edition omits *et* altogether, Professor Phillimore's claims to register 605 recurrences, with 75 under *ab* to the Delphin's four. The index is not strictly analytical, and yet sufficiently so to seem inconsistent because not always so. For example, *et* for *etiam* is separately listed; but *et . . . et* (both . . . and) is not; *ut* is listed by the mood governed, but both *uts*, the adverb and the conjunction, are listed together; *expertus* in I., iii., 18, is listed with the other forms of *experior* without note of its relatively unusual passive sense. But this does not seriously affect the usefulness of the index, nor could it be expected that a list made to meet the needs of one workman should equally suit those of all. It is interesting to note that Propertius's vocabulary does not much exceed three thousand words; but those to whom this seems a limited thesaurus should remember that many words are, either wholly or in certain inflections, excluded from elegiac verse.

'Contributions to the History of American Geology,' by George P. Merrill, head Curator of Geology, United States National Museum, has just been issued as an extract from the report of that institution for 1904 (Washington). It is a serviceable review of the personal side of our geological progress, refreshed by numerous portraits, among which those of Dana, Logan (our esteemed Canadian neighbor, if not of our own country), Hall, and Powell are excellent likenesses of strong personalities, which the geologists of the younger generation will do well to look upon. Outline maps give definite location to the routes and field of study of the earlier explorers. After chapters on what are called the Maclurean (1785-1819) and Eatonian (1820-29) eras, the chapters proceed by decades, reviewing the work and workers of State surveys up to 1869, and of the national surveys in later years. Four peculiarly American problems are given chapters by themselves —the fossil footprints of the Connecticut Valley, in which Deane and Hitchcock are the leading figures; the Eozoon question, championed by Dawson of Canada and now a past issue; the Laramie question, on which the geologists of the Western plains and mountains were for a time divided into hostile camps; and the long-lasting Taconic question, over which the Eastern geologists have had many a battle, and concerning which many "last" words have been said and are probably still to be said. An appendix contains brief sketches of 196 American geologists, with references to fuller biographies.

Of Pope's 'Handbook of Tamil' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), already noticed by us as the several preceding parts have appeared, the fifth part, 'Prose Reader,' has just been published in the seventh edition. It consists of reading exercises, adapted to the Handbook and Dictionary by the same author, with specimens of classical prose and business Tamil, suited to the use of officials, together with thirty-one easy stories and some additional tales, especially intended for those studying for the Higher Proficiency Test and drawn from the Paṭica-Tanthiram. Considering the small type, the number of errata is reasonably small. For Englishmen fitting themselves for active service, this Handbook is the best, and it may be studied with profit by any one desirous of beginning Tamil.

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The waves of influence from Mr. William James's 'Varieties of Religious Experience' have gone far and have touched strange shores. Perhaps the farthest and strangest is the paper by Prof. Asín y Palacios of the chair of Arabic in the University of Madrid, on the psychology of ecstasy as exemplified in the two great Muslim mystics, al-Ghazzali and Ibn Arabi, which appeared in *La Cultura Española* for February. Al-Ghazzali, for a Muslim theologian, is a comparatively well-known figure even to non-Arabists, thanks largely to Professor Asin himself. But Ibn Arabi, important as he undoubtedly is for the history of theology and philosophy in Christendom as well as Islam, has been little studied even by Arabists. Such a treatment, therefore, as we have here of the emotional psychology of Ibn Arabi can be confidently commended to those students of philosophy who still retain an interest in its history and threads of influence, to psychologists of even the latest school, and to all interested in religious phenomena. Professor Asín begins frankly with Professor James's book and the reaction which it marked and induced. A student of Muslim mysticism of some years' standing, he is interested in seeing modern philosophy come round to him, as it has done with great completeness. The pragmatists are as good Ghazzalians as al-Ghazzali himself could have asked for. But that he only touches, going on to develop with learning and skill, as an Arabist and a psychologist, the phenomena of religious ecstasy, the resultant theological conceptions and their consequences for life, as experienced and stated by Ibn Arabi especially. He also brings forward some other evidence in support of the thesis, already laid down by Professor Ribera, that Raymond Lully was under deep Muslim influence, and might be described as a Christian Sufi and an imitator of Ibn Arabi. That there was communication and influence, one way and another, between the Christian and the Muslim mystics of Spain, can hardly be doubted. Some things in this paper remind strongly of visions of Santa Teresa; mystics, too, it may be remembered, are seldom fanatical.

The circle of modern Arabic dialects studied and reduced to phonetic form is steadily rounding out. For north Africa there are several excellent books by Stumme; for Egypt many, from Spitta down; for Damascus Oestrup, and for Beirut and its neighborhood Hartmann; for Central Palestine Christie, and now for Jerusalem and southern Palestine Dr. Max Löhr ('Der Vulgärarabische Dialect von Jerusalem, nebst Texten und Wörterverzeichniss,' Giessen, 1905). What is left is practically Arabia proper; and Socin did something in the north and east, and Landberg is doing much in the south. The grammatical part of Dr. Löhr's investigation is full and careful, and the little Arabic-German lexicon will amply cover all ordinary usage. But, as the vocabulary is not also given reversed, the beginner in Jerusalem will have to find his way by instinct, or use some other guide, such as Hartmann's golden little book. The texts, too, are over scanty; for that, Littmann's gatherings will help out. But the grammatical treatment can stand by itself and will not need redoing.

Portable copies of the 'Divine Comedy' in the original are always in order, and the new pocket school edition (*edizione minuscola*) just issued by Hoepli in Milan will find everywhere a wider circle eager to possess it. Both publisher and editor, Prof. Raffaello Fornaciari, rightly dwell on this. The 577 pages are, by means of an opaque thin paper, reduced to half an inch in thickness; the letter, though necessarily small, is round and clear; the notes are disposed at the foot of the page. There is a prefatory word on the poet's life and the meaning of his poem. The text and mainly the notes alike are derived from Cassini, Passerini, and Scartazzini (4th edition). The covers are flexible.

It has remained for a Frenchman, Dr. Paul Mantoux, to write the first satisfactory account of the Industrial Revolution in England, 'La Révolution Industrielle au XVIIIe Siècle' (Paris: Cornély, 1905). In a solid but well-written work of 540 pages, Dr. Mantoux reviews instructively the condition of English industry in the first half of the eighteenth century, describes the great mechanical inventions which wrought the sudden transformation, traces their introduction into the several branches of manufactures, and then considers the economic and social results of the Revolution. With evident mastery of materials and clear insight into the working of complex and sometimes obscure economic causes, he has produced what should be, for a decade or more, the standard treatise upon its subject. The work is of such interest to English and American students that it should be translated as speedily as possible; to teachers of economic history, it will prove a great boon.

'L'Empire de l'Argent,' by Joseph Dubois (Paris: Guilmoto, 1906), is an elaborate study of the monetary system of China. It explains fully and clearly the existing currency system, deals with the perplexing question of exchange with gold-standard countries, and gives a detailed account of Chinese banking institutions, both native and foreign. Then, after reviewing recent experiences of certain provinces with French and Russian coins, it concludes with a vigorous attack upon the plan of monetary reform proposed by the late American Commission. M. Dubois is strongly of the opinion that the existing silver standard is so firmly established in China, and rooted so deeply in the habits and prejudices of the people, that it will long be maintained, in spite of the well-intended but uninvited advice of other nations. He thinks that the American Commissioners, "le professeur Jenks en tête," were deceived by "les sourires fallacieux de quelques mandarins," and failed to appreciate the coolness of the reception accorded their proposals. The book is one which the American student may well place on file beside the reports of the American Commission on International Exchange.

The March number of *Public Libraries* is largely devoted to matters relating to library instruction. Members of the faculties of the various library schools and training classes have contributed more or less full accounts of the history, characteristics, and ideals of the schools with which they are connected, the statement of Miss Mary W. Plummer, director of the Pratt Institute School, in many respects taking the lead, while undoubtedly that of Mr. J. I. Wyer, jr., the new vice-director of the New York State Library School at Albany, is the most significant, in that it expresses the purpose of the authorities of that institution to develop it into a real graduate school by eliminating many elementary courses and giving particular attention to bibliographical and administrative subjects. These accounts are supplemented by statements of students; among these the letter from Mr. Leon M. Solis-Cohen, a recent graduate of Albany, deserves special attention for its frank criticism.

The *Library Journal* for March opens with a thoughtful paper by Dr. E. C. Richardson on "The Library in the Community," which emphasizes the function of libraries, both private, corporate, and public, in enlarging the ideas of the members of the community. The most interesting paper in this number is certainly Miss E. D. Renninger's breezy and amusing account of her experience in "The Organization of a Library in a Small Town." She relates how she was led to believe there was a strong and active organization behind the movement, but found, when she came to the place, that it was pushed by only two persons—the chairman of the Library Department of the local Civic Club and the recently appointed librarian. Her account of her fight against ignorance and indolence and ultimate success must be read in full to be appreciated.

The Balkan question is the subject of most general interest treated in the *Annales de Géographie* for March. Professor Cvijic of the University of Belgrade states, as the result of investigations made during his travels in that region, that the great majority of Macedonian Slavs have no exclusive patriotism. They have neither a national Bulgarian nor a national Servian feeling, but could be transformed easily into either Bulgarians or Servians under the force of circumstances. Bulgaria is at present in greater evidence because of the activity of the revolutionary committees and the establishment of a national church. More than a third of the Slavs, however, have refused to abandon the foreign Greek Church for the Exarchate. In treating of the language, he says that Bulgarian is not an ethnographic term. It designates a man of simple laborious life, while Serb and Slav are interchangeable. Further study is needed to determine whether or not there is a distinct Southern Slav language or dialect. Light is thrown upon the present condition of Algeria in an account of the evolution of the nomads of that country, who are gradually changing their habits of life. Instead of the tribes following their flocks to their different pasturages, they now abide in one place, and trust their flocks, as is done in Europe, to the care of shepherds. Lieut. Desplagnes gives a brief but encouraging account of the development of the rich basin of the Middle Niger. The peaceful conditions established by the French are inducing the people who sought refuge in the mountains from the raiding nomads, to come down to the plain and cultivate it. This paper and one on the geology and physical geography of Morocco are illustrated by some beautiful reproductions of photographs.

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Alexander Lange Kielland, whose death was recently announced, was born in Stavanger, Norway, February 18, 1849. He studied law in Christiania, but never practised, preferring to devote himself to business. With the exception of some time spent in Copenhagen and Paris, Kielland lived in Norway, most of the time in Stavanger. His earliest publications, two volumes of novelettes (1879-1880), one of which was translated into English, show the marked influence of Daudet; but his novels, which appeared between 1880 and 1891, belong to the modern Scandinavian school of realistic fiction, with some direct indebtedness to Zola. Among the best of these eight volumes are 'Garman and Worse,' containing many autobiographical touches, 'Working People' and 'Skipper Worse,' somewhat in the style of Jonas Lie. 'Jacob,' the last of the novels, is a brilliant but unpersuasive study of a business man who, like the patriarch, bases a brilliantly successful life upon a fraud. Kielland's chief merit as a writer is the extreme elegance and finish of his style. Most of his novels have been translated into German and Swedish, and several into English. In 1891 Kielland was appointed burgomaster of his native town, and was later promoted to the position of *Amtmand*, or sheriff of the district. The last fifteen years of his life were practically without literary output.

The former Liberal Prime Minister of Norway, Johannes Steen, whose second term of office extended from 1898 to 1902, died April 1, at the age of seventy-eight.

—A week ago to-day we received from Dr. Richard Garnett a letter, not in his own hand, dated London, April 2. In it he spoke of suffering from an affection of his eyes, which had prevented his executing a certain review for the *Nation*, but he looked forward to a somewhat tedious recovery. On the day following the receipt, namely, April 13, he passed away, in consequence (as the cable reported) of a hemorrhage; and at this writing we know no more. Dr. Garnett was a library product if there ever was one. His father, whose name he repeated, a clergyman, was Assistant-Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, and he himself, becoming an employee of that institution at an early age (he was born in 1835), rose to be Keeper of the same department (1890-1899). As such he was well and graciously known to all Americans having need to profit by his official position. It was in the year of his retirement, when recreation by "change of occupation, *dolce far niente*," was his aim, that he voluntarily entered into relations with this journal, and latterly became a highly valued reviewer for it: his prodigious habit of work could not be repressed. His list of published works is extensive. He was a poet and the biographer and editor of poets—Shakspere, Milton, Dryden, Shelley, Blake, Emerson; a poetic translator from the German and the Italian, an historian of Italian literature; an encyclopædist for collaboration with the Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography; editor with Mr. Gosse of the splendidly "Illustrated Record" of 'English Literature' concluded two years ago. But we need enumerate no further. As genial bookman and gifted imaginative writer and learned maker of books, Dr. Garnett lived the ideal life of the scholar spirit. He gave as freely as he absorbed, and directed and will continue to direct a multitude of students in the paths of literature, English and foreign. His death, at seventy-one, must be thought untimely, and he will be greatly missed.

—It is several years since the late Gaetano Negri published his well-known work on 'Julian the Apostate,' but until now this interesting essay in criticism has not been available for those who read English only. The present translation (Scribners) is from the hand of the Duchess Letta-Visconti-Arese, and appears with a delightful introduction by Professor Villari. The facts of Negri's career as here recited throw much light upon his personal attitude towards Julian, and have also a pathetic interest of their own. We do not refer merely to the accident which cost the author his life when we suggest that there is an element of pathos in the details narrated by Professor Villari. Negri was a man of great eloquence, attractiveness and versatility, who, either through force of circumstances or excess of talent, failed to do the one central thing that posterity looks for as the hall-mark of eminence. Perhaps his main achievement was the upbuilding of Milan, where for the years 1886-1889 he was Syndic or Mayor. We have at least Professor Villari's word for it that during this tenure of office "he achieved notable results in the material, moral, and commercial transformation of Milan, for he was one of the first to see its coming prosperity and importance." Dispossessed eventually by the Socialists, Negri turned his energies to historical and literary pursuits. Among modern writers George Eliot aroused his greatest enthusiasm, and he considered that his own best work was to be found in the criticism of her novels, which he published after a long and analytical study of them. Towards the close of his life, he was turning more and more to historical subjects, and particularly to those problems of Church and State which emerged during the latter part of the fourth century. Though as a philosopher he was a pure rationalist, he felt drawn by a strong impulse to the personality of St. Augustine, while on the eve of his tragic death he was collecting materials for a book on St. Ambrose.

—We condense these facts from the pages of Professor Villari because they will be new to most of our readers, and because they furnish us with Negri's point of departure in approaching the saints and philosophers of the later Roman Empire. He was not a specialist in the minuter points of erudition, but yet a scholar who had read the principal sources for his period and reflected deeply upon them. Perhaps no one in modern times has so completely identified himself with the thoughts of Julian and reproduced them in his own experience. He maintains truly enough that his book is neither an attack nor a panegyric. "My aim in writing this book has been purely objective, and it will require a large dose of good, or I shall rather say bad, will to construe it otherwise. He who possesses a critical temperament regards moral phenomena with the same absolute impartiality with which the chemist analyzes a substance or the astronomer determines the orbit of a celestial body." The claim to impartiality thus made is not unwarranted by the tone of the book; and if Negri is drawn to what is best in Julian's Hellenism, he is by no means blind to those curious oddities of mind and temper upon which Glover has laid so much stress. Some slips will be found in these two volumes, and one rather large error—the acceptance as genuine of Julian's letters to Iamblichus. But, with whatever limitations, the work deserves on the score of eloquence and talent to find a large circle of English readers.

—Negri's rationalism, however blended with a genuine interest in the subject-matter of theology, leads him at times to pass frank criticism upon both the Church of the fourth century and Christianity. But his temper in this respect is gentle and sympathetic when compared with the positive animosity of Mr. W. G. Holmes. Justinian and Theodora have been dealt with in a great variety of ways and by authors who differ as widely as Ludewig and Sardou, but biographies of them remain scarce. For many years the hope was entertained that Mr. Bryce might publish a life of Justinian, prompted thereto by the nature of his Oxford professorship. Whether he will ever find time for such an undertaking may well be doubted. Meanwhile we have from Mr. Holmes the first volume of a history entitled 'The Age of Justinian and Theodora' (Bell). A biography in any limited sense of the word this does not promise to be. The author's motive, so far as it can be briefly indicated, seems to be expressed by the following sentence: "When Grecian science and philosophy seemed to stand on the threshold of modern enlightenment, the pall of despotism and superstition descended on the earth and stifled every impulse of progress for more than fifteen centuries." These words, while they refer to the first century of the Christian era, indicate with sufficient clearness Mr. Holmes's attitude towards "the disintegrating and moribund Byzantine Empire." As for his dislike of Christianity, we can best convey its nature and extent by one or two quotations: "The Yggdrasil of Christian superstition spread its roots throughout the Roman Empire, strangling alike the nascent ethics of Christendom and the germinating science of the ancient world." In modern times "an intelligent hypothesis of existence has been deduced from observation and experiment, idealism and dogma have been recognized as the offspring of phantasy and fallacy, and the mystical elements of Christianity have been dismissed to that limbo of folly which long ago engulfed the theogonies of Greece and Rome. The sapless trunk of revelation lies rotting on the ground, but the undiscerning masses, too credulous to inquire, too careless to think, have allowed it to become invested with the weeds of superstition and ignorance; and the progeny of hierophants who once sheltered beneath the green and flourishing tree, still find a cover in the rank growth." Mr. Holmes has collected a good deal of curious information, or rather his book discloses solid erudition. At the same time he has not kept his text free from small inaccuracies, like placing the Vandal conquest of Africa in 439, nor from as large a one as placing the desertion of Britain by the Romans in 446. His gibes at Chris-

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tianity are expressed in such form as to remind one of the question which Elizabeth Bennet addresses to her father after hearing Mr. Darcy's first letter: "Can he be a sensible man, Sir?" Finally, Note 1 on page 340 (and it does not stand alone) reminds us of the French sarcasm regarding "l'obscénité froide et érudite de Gibbon."

—Count Paul Hatzfeldt was an able and distinguished Prussian diplomatist who, after the usual training in subordinate positions, became successively ambassador at Madrid, at Constantinople, and at London, where he died in 1885. From 1868 to 1874 he worked in immediate association with Bismarck in the Foreign Office, and during the war of 1870-71 he was with the Chancellor in France. He married in 1863 an American wife, the daughter of a Mr. Moulton, who had become a resident of Paris. During the whole French campaign Count Hatzfeldt wrote to the Countess in Berlin almost daily letters. These have been translated from the French, in which they were written, into smooth and idiomatic English, by Mr. J. L. Bashford, of Trinity College, Cambridge; and they are now published, with a brief preface by the Countess Hatzfeldt, under the title of 'The Hatzfeldt Letters, 1870-71' (E. P. Dutton & Co.). They are eminently conjugal letters, full of affection and of little domestic solicitudes. A letter from Saarbrücken, August 10, 1870, is a fair sample of the rest. It begins with a description of Spicheren heights and the evidences of the hard fighting a few days before; gives rumors of French discouragement; asks the Countess to send his frock-coat; complains that he has had no letter "either yesterday or today," which "is very annoying"; and closes (as printed): "Tell me how you have arranged your household and how much you spend on it per month." The hardships of the Moultons, shut up in Paris; the exposed situation of their summer residence outside in the zone of siege operations; and the expectation and advent of a daughter, born while the Count was at Versailles—these matters naturally bulk much bigger than the military and political events of the year. There is occasionally a bit of interesting description, and we get side lights on historic events and personages; but there are no "revelations." Careful foot-notes give all the necessary information concerning the persons mentioned in the letters, and there is an inadequate index.

RECENT POETRY.

We have come to know pretty well what to expect in a new "tragedy" by Mr. Stephen Phillips. In "Herod," "Ulysses," and "The Sin of David" the poetic promise of "Paolo and Francesca" was decreasingly fulfilled; a growth in the skilful management of melodramatic spectacle kept pace with a loosening grip on tragic structure and a lessening ability in the handling of dramatic verse. His latest play, "Nero" (Macmillan), has little in it to defeat this discouraged expectation. The old Marlowesque world-straining of phrase, that for a time held critics spellbound, is still there. In the very first line is "the dazzling doom of kings," and within the space of a few pages we find such characteristic touches as "the windy chair of the world," "the deep heart of the mighty world," "this pulsing world his theatre," and "O wine of the world, the odor and gold of it." Nor do we have to read very far before finding passages of that mellow charm, that mannered, somewhat wistful, beauty that made his "Marpessa" so lovely and so memorable. Take this of Poppæa:

> "Yet hath none fairer strayed into the world
> Or wandered in more witchery through the air
> Since she who drew the dreaming keels of Greece
> After her over the Ionian foam."

This is pleasant in its reminiscential suggestion and in its musical suavity, pitched, as is habitual with Mr. Phillips in his purple patches, in the key of "w"; but it is put into the mouth of Acte, Poppæa's unsuccessful rival in Nero's regard, and, like most of Mr. Phillips's more striking passages, it is conspicuously void of dramatic propriety.

The conception of Nero's character and the construction of the fable show a similar defect of dramatic instinct. If we mistake not, Mr. Phillips has made a most careful study of Mr. Bernard W. Henderson's recent learned and (to use a wearying word in an unhackneyed connection) sympathetic volume on 'The Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero.' Something of Mr. Phillips's understanding of the melancholy æstheticism of Nero's temperament, as well as several pieces of business, seem to be derived from this source. Yet there is a firmer *dramatic* structure, a more moving liberation of pity and terror, in Mr. Henderson's historical study than in Mr. Phillips's play. He has oddly chosen to conclude his piece in four acts with the burning of Rome—following hard upon the death of Poppæa—which Nero takes as a kind of atonement for the murder of Agrippina.

This is the spectacular ending of the play as it stands:

> *Nero.* Blaze! Rage! Blaze!
>
> [*The flame flashes up more fervently.*]
>
> For now I am free of thy blood,
> I have appeased and atoned,
> Have atoned with cries, with crashings, and with flaming.
> Thy blood is no more on my head;
> I am purged, I am cleansed,
> I have given flaming Rome for the bed of thy death! O Agrippina!
>
> [*He falls in a swoon. Acte runs towards him.*]

In "The Sin of David" the chief source of dramatic weakness was, as we took occasion at the time of its publication to point out, too soft and slight an expiation of a tragical sin. The defect in "Nero" is almost precisely the same. The lines above, uttered by Nero in his ranting delusion, would have made an admirable conclusion to a fourth act, provided there was to have been a grim, ironic fifth act in which Otho should have had the "innings" which history (for once more philosophic than poetry) conceded him, and Nero should have atoned in the only way that has ever proved permanently impressive in tragedy, by his death, for his tragical sins against Agrippina, against Otho, and against the inexorable order of the world. Such an ending added to the piece exactly as it now stands might almost have persuaded us that Mr. Phillips is a dramatist. As it is, however, it proves him more conclusively than his previous plays did a talented writer of elegiac verse, an expert composer of cyclorama spectacle, who thinks habitually rather in terms of poetic phrase than, as has been the way of the true dramatist, in terms of character, of concerted situation, of human destiny as it is shaped from the clashing, fatal actions of men.

The second part of "The Dynasts" (Macmillan), Mr. Thomas Hardy's "drama of the Napoleonic Wars in three parts, nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes," prevails a little over the regret that we expressed at the publication of the first part that so fine a faculty as Mr. Hardy's should be employed in so uncouth and monstrous a production. There is a greater proportionate amount of prose in this part, and Mr. Hardy's prose is always more readable than his rough-hewn, unmelodious verse. There is, too, here rather less of unconvincing, supernatural machinery, while of the hundred speaking parts of terrestrial personages all are vividly actualized. The gift of panoramic vision over the face of the historied globe which constituted the chief element of imaginative force in the first part, persists throughout the second, and Mr. Hardy's pessimistic philosophy of history as the operation of

> "Unmalicèd, unimpassioned, nescient Will,"

becomes still clearer. We hesitate to commit ourselves to an opinion of the final meaning and achievement of "The Dynasts" before the publication of the third and last part. In the meantime, from the curious assortment of lyrical interludes, in metres ranging from Sapphics to *terza rima*, wherewith Mr. Hardy has chosen to adorn his colossal enterprise, we may select this fine bit of "aerial music" as a specimen of his poetic vein at its best:

> "They come, beset by riddling hail;
> They sway like sedges in a gale;
> They fail, and win, and win, and fail. Albuera!
>
> They gain the ground there, yard by yard,
> Their brows and hair and lashes charred,
> Their blackened teeth set firm and hard.
>
> Their mad assailants rave and reel,
> And face, as men who scorn to feel,
> The close-lined, three-edged prongs of steel,
>
> Till faintness follows closing-in,
> When, faltering headlong down, they spin
> Like leaves. But those pay well who win Albuera.
>
> Out of six thousand souls that sware
> To hold the mount or pass elsewhere,
> But eighteen hundred muster there.
>
> Pale Colonels, Captains, ranksmen lie,
> Facing the earth or facing sky;—
> They strove to live, they stretch to die.
>
> *Friends, foemen,* mingle; heap and heap.—
> Hide their hacked bones, Earth!—deep, deep, deep,
> Where harmless worms caress and creep.
>
> Hide their hacked bones, Earth!—deep, deep, deep,
> Where harmless worms caress and creep.—
> What man can grieve? what woman weep?
> Better than waking is to sleep! Albuera!"

The 'Last Poems' of "Laurence Hope" (The John Lane Co.) is the ultimate record of a fervid life lately brought to a tragic close. Mrs. Nicholson, it may be said now with regretful candor, kept too closely to her favorite theme of "Love's supreme surrender," too rarely varied the sombre monochord of unresisted passion, for her work ever to achieve quite the position that her very remarkable abilities promised. To a Sapphic intensity of devotion to youth and the lure of youth, she added at times a note

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of frank savagery, as in these stanzas of "Atavism":

"Deep in the jungle vast and dim,
That knew not a white man's feet,
I smelt the odor of sun-warmed fur,
Musky, savage, and sweet.

Scent of fur and color of blood:—
And the long dead instincts rose,
I followed the lure of my season's mate,—
And flew, bare-fanged, at my foes."

At other times, as in the following lines, her Sapphic mood dissolved in visionary whimsies that yet found expression as vivid and fragrant as Blake's:

"My paramour was loneliness
And lying by the sea,
Soft songs of sorrow and distress
He did beget in me.

Later another lover came
More meet for my desire.
'Radiant Beauty' was his name;
His sons had wings of fire!"

Yet such variety was not habitual with her. In the long run she was an Anglo-Indian "poetess of passion," whose lyric torrent of words and gift of throbbing metre never quite availed to idealize the Oriental provocation of her themes. Her "Translations from the Book of Indian Love," as the present volume is styled in its sub-title, are likely to stand rather as a slightly dubious "human document" than as an addition to the true poetry of passion. Nevertheless, there are in it many pieces of unalloyed poetry. It is pleasant to take leave of her with such a pure and plaintive, and in a way symbolic, melody as this of "Kristna and his Flute":

"Be still, my heart, and listen,
For sweet and yet acute
I hear the wistful music
Of Kristna and his flute.
Across the cool, blue evenings,
Throughout the burning days,
Persuasive and beguiling,
He plays and plays and plays.

Ah, none may hear such music
Resistant to its charms,
The household work grows weary,
And cold the husband's arms.
I must arise and follow,
To seek, in vain pursuit,
The blueness and the distance,
The sweetness of that flute!

In linked and liquid sequence,
The plaintive notes dissolve
Divinely tender secrets
That none but he can solve.
Oh, Kristna, I am coming,
I can no more delay.
'My heart has flown to join thee,'
How shall my footsteps stay?"

Mr. Andrew Lang, the variously delightful and invariably readable, is never more delightful and readable than when he turns for a little while from Anthropology, or Scottish History, or psychic phenomena, or the literary gossip of London, to meditate the poetic muse. His 'New Collected Rhymes' (Longmans) have the metrical facility and grace, the urbane humor, that make his 'Ballads of Books' of such pleasant memory. The variety of the collection, however, is rather unexpected. There is a series of Jacobite lyrics, a handful of cricket rhymes, some parodic Jubilee Poems, a group of Folk Songs, and three ballads written, as Mr. Lang tells us in his preface, "in competition with the street minstrels of the close of the sixteenth century." All of these are spirited performances, but most of them are interesting rather archaically than æsthetically. For the amateur of poetry the most attractive pieces are those described with a touch of mockery as "Critical of Life, Art, and Literature," in which Mr. Lang exhibits his mingled aptitudes of critic, humorist, and verse writer. These stanzas from his "Rhyme of Oxford Cockney Rhymes (Exhibited in the *Oxford Magazine*)" are a fair sample of his vein at its freshest:

"Though Keats rhymed 'ear' to 'Cytherea,'
And Morris 'dawn' to 'morn,'
A worse example, it is clear,
By Oxford Dons is 'shorn.'
G——y, of Magdalen, goes beyond
These puny Cockneys far,
And to 'Magrath' rhymes—Muse despond!—
'Magrath' he rhymes to 'star'!

Yes, G——y shines the worst of all.
He needs to rhyme 'embargo';
The man had 'Margot' at his call,
He had the good ship *Argo;*
Largo he had; yet doth he seek
Further, and no embargo
Restrains him from the odious, weak,
And Cockney rhyme, 'Chicago'!

Oh, Hoxford was a pleasant place
To many a poet dear,
And Saccharissa had the grace
In Hoxford to appear.
But Waller, if to Cytherea
He prayed at any time,
Did not implore 'her friendly ear'
And think he had a rhyme."

He would be a temerarious critic who should venture to make unfavorable animadversions upon Mr. Harry Seymour Koopman's 'At the Gates of the Century' (The Everett Press), for Mr. Koopman can express his opinion of critics with pungency, if not with urbanity. In one place he writes:

"Whence comes your skill from song's vast mines
The richest ore to choose?
I simply gather up the lines
Condemned in the reviews."

In another, of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound":

"Unbound, for who would bind it? the perplexed
And sneering critics of the poet cried,
Whose son saw English scholarship divide
Over a doubtful comma in the text."

In another:

"Always the asses in chorus denounced the poet's arrival,
Drowning the voice of his music, drowning his gathering praises,
Idle to answer them, vainer to scold them than scolding the weather,
For they will always be with us, the asses, and always be—critics."

In still another:

"The critic snarl at the Maker, what has it ever meant
But jealousy of the Potent on the part of the Impotent?"

Fortunately, there is little in Mr. Koopman's slender but pithy book to arouse any other sentiment than admiration for his gift of compact, suggestive phrase. The amenities may prevail; and we may concede the truth of his epigram:

"He riddles the mark and the neighborhood
With a Gatling gun;
I send one shot through the heart of the white,
For I have but one."

It would be unfair to Mr. Wilfred Campbell to insinuate that his poetic method is that of the Gatling gun, yet his 'Collected Poems' (Revell) would have gained in poetic value by a more rigorous standard of selection, and by the drastic pruning of some of the pieces selected. At times Mr. Campbell shows himself the master of that long unsuspected accomplishment of M. Jourdain. No American poet is more consistently stirred by the "high emotion" which, as Mr. Campbell very justly declares in his Introduction, is the essence of poetry; none is more uninterruptedly capable of decorous, sonorous phrase. Yet at the best his phrase is, if we may venture a distinction, felicitous rather than happy. Read consecutively, his 'Collected Poems' are a little lacking in vivid poetic life, a little overweighted with irreproachable moral, political, and æsthetic sentiments. Nevertheless, it is a volume admirable in its sustained idealism; and at times, as in these stanzas from an elegy upon Archibald Lampman, Mr. Campbell's poetry, touched with deep personal emotion, attains a forceful eloquence:

"Soft fall the February snows, and soft
Falls on my heart the snow of wintry pain;
For nevermore, by wood or field or croft,
Will he we knew walk with his loved again;
No more, with eyes adream and soul aloft,
In those high moods where love and beauty reign,
Greet his familiar fields, his skies without a stain. . . .

Like some rare Pan of those Old Grecian days,
Here in our hours of deeper stress reborn,
Unfortunate thrown upon life's evil ways,
His inward ear heard ever that satyr horn
From Nature's lips reverberate night and morn,
And fled from men and all their troubled maze,
Standing apart with sad, incurious gaze.

And now, untimely cut, like some sweet flower
Plucked in the early summer of its prime
Before it reached the fulness of its dower,
He withers in the morning of our time;
Leaving behind him, like a summer shower,
A fragrance of earth's beauty, and the chime
Of gentle and imperishable rhyme.

Songs in our ears of winds and flowers and buds
And gentle loves and tender memories
Of Nature's sweetest aspects, her pure moods,
Wrought from the inward truth of intimate eyes
And delicate ears of him who harks and broods,
And, nightly pondering, daily grows more wise,
And dreams and sees in mighty solitudes.

Soft fall the February snows, and soft
He sleeps in peace upon the breast of her
He loved the truest; where, by wood and croft,
The wintry silence folds in fleecy blur
About his silence, while in glooms aloft
The mighty forest fathers, without stir,
Guard well the rest of him, their rare sweet worshipper."

The 'New World Lyrics and Ballads' of Duncan Campbell Scott (Morang & Co.) are pieces of a keen poetic tang. Mr. Scott has taken imaginative possession of the cool, pine-grown, history-haunted Canadian country, and has sung of it in spare athletic verse. His poetic background is not of the broadest, his "criticism of life" not perhaps of the deepest; but he rarely fails to give his reader that delicious shock of surprise of strange and vivid beauty that is the final test of Poetry as distinguished from poetry.

The seventh edition of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's 'The Coming of Love, and Other Poems' (The John Lane Co.) is described on the obverse title as "enlarged and revised." The enlargement consists chiefly of a "Dedication of the Seventh Edition," in which the coming of love is styled by Mr. Watts-Dunton, somewhat romantically for so good a critic, "the expression of the heart-thought of my life," and in the addition to the title poem of certain sections which "had been lent to friends in manuscript and mislaid," and "were not available at the moment when the material of

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the book was put together for the press." Whether or not this statement is part of the artistic mystification wherewith Mr. Watts-Dunton has filled his other ample and numerous Prefatory Notes to the poem, we do not presume to say. It is certain, however, that the additions add nothing to the completeness of the story, and that, in retarding its speed they rather dull its charm. Yet, for all the clap-trap that Mr. Watts-Dunton has chosen to spread round the poem, and despite these additions, its Gypsy zest and tragic passion do not lose their potency. Among the "other poems" the only new piece is this awkward but suggestive sonnet:

NEW YEAR'S MORNING, 1867, AFTER THE LIBERATION OF VENICE.

(The poet goes to the window of his bedroom and gazes down the Grand Canal, over which the morning is glowing.)

"Man's knowledge, save before his fellow-man,
Is ignorance—his widest wisdom folly.
In Nature's eyes still gazing, dazzled wholly
By sights his own eyes make, how should he scan
Pictures like those in Nature's iris-span?
Hers show the cypress, his the melancholy,
His shine with Christmas, hers with simple holly
That knew no mirth till Yule-tide feasts began."
So Reason says; yet to my heart it seems
That yonder sun, firing the mists of morn,
Gilding each dome that scorned the Austrian's scorn,
Painting the Grand Canal with rosy gleams,
Looks conscious down on me and vanished dreams—
But—Freedom's year o'er Venice smiles new-born!

Though Mr. John Burroughs is not at his best as a poet, his little volume of nature poems, 'Bird and Bough' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is pleasant reading. The freshness and precision of Mr. Burroughs's observation need no comment. He is a master of clean-drawn phrase, and, despite a tendency to lapse into sing-song, has a good gift of short-lined metre. So far as his work is poetry rather than versified nature study, it is so by virtue of a certain single-minded affectionateness of interest in Nature, as in these lines:

"I hear the wild geese honking
From out the misty night,—
A sound of moving armies
On-sweeping in their might;
The river ice is drifting
Beneath their northward flight.

I hear the bluebird plaintive
From out the morning sky,
Or see his wings a-twinkle
That with the azure vie;
No other bird more welcome,
No more prophetic cry.

I hear the sparrow's ditty
Anear my study door;
A simple song of gladness
That winter days are o'er;
My heart is singing with him,
I love him more and more.

I hear the starling fluting
His liquid "O-ka-lee";
I hear the downy drumming
His vernal reveillé;
From out the maple orchard
The nuthatch calls to me.

O, spring is surely coming,
Her couriers fill the air;
Each morn are new arrivals,
Each night her ways prepare;
I scent her fragrant garments,
Her foot is on the stair."

'Selections from the Poetry of John Payne,' made by Tracy and Lucy Robinson with an Introduction by Lucy Robinson (The John Lane Co.), is a fairly representative selection of the original work of one of the most talented and indefatigable translators of our time. We do not hold with those who believe concerning Mr. Payne that "posterity will place him between Tennyson and William Morris, side by side with Swinburne and D. G. Rossetti"; and that it is wholly "Mr. Payne's lack of acquaintance with journalists and journalism" that has kept his work in the background. The first impression made by the selection is that of a marvellous virtuosity, an amazing metrical and verbal ingenuity. There are pieces in French, pieces in Italian, and English poems of an astonishing variety and fluency of form. Of the poeticalness, so to say, of Mr. Payne's literary impulse there can be no doubt. His mind fairly brims over with poetic thoughts, poetic emotions, and the imagery of all the romantic poetry of the world. Yet there can be but one conclusion: if Mr. Payne possessed at the beginning of his literary career a poetic faculty that might have placed him beside Swinburne and Rossetti, then the facility that comes from the life-long habit of translation can only be regarded as the dissipation of it. This crucial strophe from a musical but somewhat over-long elegy for a dead girl, entitled "The Grave of All My Songs," is a fair specimen of Mr. Payne's manner:

"Could we but hope the all-engrossing earth,
That for the eternal rest
Took back her blighted beauty to its breast,
Might yet enrich our dearth
With some unknown, enchanted wonder-birth
Of blossom, brilliant as her starry eyes,
Sweet as her balmy breath,
Some flowerage of heaven, defying death,
Wherein our yearning memory might retrace
The frankness of her face,
In whose bright beauty thought might recognize
The spirit-prime of her lost loveliness,
Born as it were again
In some new earth, delivered from the press
Of mortal grossness by the purge of pain,—
Or might we deem the unresponsive air,
That bore her gentle spirit far away
And scattered it for aye
Beyond the confines of the night and day
To all the winds of being, nor would e'er
Vouchsafe to our despair
One echo of her voice's dulcet strain,
Should yet grow great with graciousness and bear
Some mystic birth of music strange and fair,
Some seraph-song of Paradisal bird,
Some melody of mortals never heard,
Wherein her silver speech
And the far memory of her voice might reach
Our longing ears and witness to our faith,
She was not all disfeatured by the scaith
Of unrespective death,
That something of her sweetness yet survives
In interstellar lands
Or in the sunset-calm of spirit-lives,
Nor was all scattered by the 'scape of breath!"

When it is observed that these lines, with their variety of image, their easy copiousness of phrase, make but a single sentence, something of Mr. Payne's ability to sling poetic ink, if the expression be allowable, begins to be perceived. Yet that they are lasting poetry is not so clear. Mr. Payne, as we are emphatically told in the Introduction, is a devoted amateur of music, and the music of the verses, as is customary in the poetry of great music-lovers (notably Sidney Lanier), is rather in the impetuous movement of the lines, in the more obvious tricks of alliteration, than in those subtler harmonies of vowelled speech which make the quenchless music of poetry. Furthermore, there is, if we mistake not, in these lines, as in all of Mr. Payne's work, and in the work of most English poets who have found in modern France their most sympathetic models, a tendency for profusion to become diffusion that is a source of weakness. But if these poems have not such stuff of immortality in them as his sponsors think they find, it is, nevertheless, not fair to Mr. Payne to dismiss him as a kind of Magico Prodigioso working his wonders from the more curious contents of the New English Dictionary. For a leisurely reader there is a certain mild Spenserian charm in his narrative poems. And signs have not been wanting that Mr. Payne, following in the path of his master, the poets' poet, is like to achieve a position of some permanency as the minor poets' poet.

LORD HOBHOUSE.

Lord Hobhouse: A Memoir. By L. T. Hobhouse and J. L. Hammond. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans. 1905.

Lord Hobhouse was the incarnation of the intelligent Liberalism of 1850 to 1870. In him we see the finest characteristics and also the limitations of the Liberals who at that era represented all that was best in the public life of England. He assuredly displayed all the finest traits of the body of men to whom he belonged. He was a complete English gentleman; he was also, what many excellent gentlemen are not, a man of singular ability. Ill health, fortunately for his country and fortunately for himself, arrested his career at the bar. Had his bodily strength enabled him to stand the stress of an exciting and competitive professional career, he might probably have been a law officer of a Liberal Government. He might, if fortune had favored, have risen with general approval to the Chancellorship. He almost certainly, if he had failed to gain the highest of legal prizes, would have passed the latter part of his life as a Lord Justice of Appeal. All this he would have done if his strength had held out, and then he would have been, like other eminent judges, forgotten. He would have done excellently work that many others could do as well as he.

The misfortune which turned him away from the bar did not in reality deprive him of appropriate employment, and it enabled him to show, as no merely legal career could, his intense and absorbing devotion to public affairs and to everything that concerned the interest of the nation. It is this high, enduring, absolutely disinterested public spirit, combined with rare ability in the transaction of public business, which gives its whole color to Hobhouse's career, and this fine public spirit and devoted application of trained intelligence to the conduct of affairs are exactly the traits which lent a certain nobility to the energetic and intelligent Liberalism of the Victorian era. No doubt the virtues of a time which seems now so far removed in feeling from modern England, are represented by Hobhouse in their best and noblest form. Still, one can never for a moment forget, and his biographers do not suffer us to forget, that he was, when Liberalism was in fashion, and also when Liberalism of his type was out of fashion, essentially "a Liberal of the old school." None of the ideas he entertained can be called original, but then they are some of the best ideas of the party to

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which he belonged, and Hobhouse held them with singular tenacity. He esteemed highly the new Poor Law of 1834. He distrusted, rightly enough, the effect of endowments. He fought, tooth and nail, as an Endowed School Commissioner, for the destruction of all the noxious charities which, under the pretence of furthering education, really gave effect to the bitterness, vanity, or eccentricity of some so-called pious founder. In India, as the legal member of the Government's Council, he fought hard, and probably did much to promote just legislation, and opposed with all his vigor the forward policy of Mr. Disraeli and of Lord Lytton.

Every kind of injustice, or everything which Hobhouse thought was injustice, was to him hateful. He hated war, and fully believed in the blessings of peace on almost any terms. He believed in local government, and generally adhered to the Liberal doctrine that to give men a share in local government is the way to teach them to govern wisely. Till towards the end of his life, he seems to have felt, in common with the Liberals of the day, the trust in the people which at one time was the watchword of Mr. Gladstone and his followers. To everything, again, which savored of attack on freedom of opinion he offered zealous opposition. He supported Bradlaugh in 1888, and a year later had a friendly correspondence with Holyoake; not because he agreed with their views, but because he regarded them as the defenders of free thought. Amid arduous judicial work he "found time" (to use the pompous language of his biographers) "year by year for the furtherance of many movements—London government, land reform, and even the liberation of Sunday from the trammels of the Judaic law"—trammels, by the way, which sit with extraordinary lightness on English men and women of to-day. Let no one deny—we assuredly do not deny—that these labors were in the main the work of a good man, and that Hobhouse himself left behind him something even better than his work, namely, the "example of a man who, through a long life, put the public service above personal ambition, who found in work its own reward, small and great, with equal thoroughness, because it was work and had to be done." All this is excellent, and we fully believe that a eulogy which savors somewhat of an inscription on a tombstone has the rare merit of absolute truth. Still, a critic who ought not to be a flatterer must insist upon the patent fact that the virtues, the principles, and the ideas of Lord Hobhouse, though they were his own, yet were also in a special sense the characteristics of the political school to which he belonged.

Hobhouse's own character, moreover, betrays the moral and intellectual limitations of the Old Liberals. They were men of strong common-sense. But then, common-sense is occasionally a very different thing from wisdom. "I have intimated," writes Hobhouse, "my deep distrust of *a-priori* reasoning on practical subjects." The sentiment is a sound one, but, as employed by a Liberal of 1850, it too often meant the failure of any attempt thoroughly to understand either his own principles or those of his opponents. The tendency of the day was, indeed, to mistake maxims for well-established principles. Whenever Lord Hobhouse deals with any matter which requires subtlety or even play of thought, one feels that he never gets to the bottom of it. "He held," say his biographers, "that no fundamental distinction can be drawn between the obligations of nations and those of individuals." This maxim would probably command pretty general assent, but any one who thinks over the matter at all will see that it embodies a doctrine which is far from self-evident, and can be accepted only with considerable limitations. To the confusion of maxims with axiomatic truths is due another defect which is strangely visible in every word that Lord Hobhouse utters about opponents. The men who dissent from the Liberal creed are considered by him as persons distinctly in the wrong. He cannot credit them with either genius or insight. Consider the many allusions throughout the memoir to Disraeli. In none of them is there the least recognition of the great fact that he was a man who, with all his faults, had qualities which will make him remembered when Lord Hobhouse, Lord Melbourne, Lord Cardwell, and all the good and respectable Liberals of 1850 are forgotten. Lord Beaconsfield is, in the eyes of Hobhouse and his friends, nothing but the adventurer and the charlatan which he appeared to his critics of 1852. A comparison between Lord Hobhouse's attitude towards Disraeli and Mr. Bryce's estimate of Lord Beaconsfield in 'Studies of Contemporary Biographies' displays the whole difference between the condemnation of a worthy but unintelligent opponent and the judgment of a thoughtful and impartial critic.

Lord Hobhouse, lastly, in common with the body of Old Liberals, pursued a path of which he hardly, till towards the close of his life, foresaw the end. Trust in the people is a maxim which points directly towards democracy. But the last thing perceived by Liberals who confided in the wisdom of the people was, that the people—or, in other words, the mass of the wage-earners—were little likely in the long run to accept the social or political doctrines of Liberalism. Hobhouse looked, in 1897, with grave suspicion on measures such as the Workmen's Compensation Act. He, by that time, at least, had perceived the contradiction between the dogmas of Old Liberalism and the tendencies of democratic Socialism. He felt that

> "there is nothing for the isolated thinker to do except to sit by and wonder what will come next. I guess that the next thing will be to throw all the burden of individual misfortune on 'the State,' which the wise leaders of the artisan classes teach them to look upon as an omnipotent being, existing apart from individual men and women, with an inexhaustible purse filled by some magic, and ready to remove all the ills of life. And so they cry more and more for 'State' aid, not knowing that they themselves are the State, and that payments by the State come mainly out of their own pockets and are to a large extent a device for making the industrious and thrifty pay for those who are not such."

Did it, even in 1904, dawn upon him that the day might be near when the Labor Party would destroy all that he most valued in the creed of the Old Liberals?

Cloud Studies. By Arthur W. Clayden, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

Not only meteorologists, but laymen who care for the ever-changing panorama of the sky, will welcome this fine book, first published in London by John Murray. Titles of some of the subjects treated will give an idea of its scope: "Cloud Types," "Altitudes," "High Cirrus," "Formation," "Cumulus," "Influence of Hills," "Nomenclature," and the like. More than sixty excellent illustrations from photographs serve to show many forms of classified and intermediate clouds, heretofore but slightly differentiated.

Not until 1803 was there any attempt at uniformity of description. In that year Luke Howard proposed three names for three distinct varieties—cirrus, stratus, and cumulus; by combinations of these words other types were identified; and because the discharging cloud may partake somewhat of the character of all three, it was called nimbus. Mr. Clayden does not regard this as a special type, but includes it in the general stratus variety, using the word nimbus as an adjective, and only to indicate that rain is falling from a certain cloud. While some meteorologists will agree to this departure, others will probably not accept it.

What may be called the observational part of cloud study is still in its infancy, despite the fact that countless generations have viewed the sky with a general desire for information as to the weather. No common language, or system of terms, was employed, by which early experience could be accurately transmitted. A curious scarcity of cloud names occurs in all languages, and personal equation often caused existing designations to be used for quite different phenomena. Accordingly, the decisions of the International Meteorological Conference at Munich in 1891 were welcomed, even if not the most perfect of classifications. A revised scheme of nomenclature was presented by the late Hon. Ralph Abercromby and Prof. H. Hildebrand Hildebrandsson of Upsala, with the idea that such a convenient arrangement would become useful at meteorological stations and in the navy. For the sake of simplicity, only ten forms were proposed, as now given in the International Cloud Atlas. While sufficient, however, for general purposes, a great many subdivisions were of course necessary in specialized work, in cloud transformation, or the relation of types to weather. Each of these large divisions changes by varying gradations into many other sub-species, whose names should indicate their origin and characteristics.

The Atlas did not appear until 1896, and meantime the Rev. W. Clement Ley had published some excellent suggestions, which, however, came too late. Meteorologists in Germany, England, and America have attempted an extended and detailed cloud-nomenclature, and Mr. Clayden carries this excellent work forward with praiseworthy clearness and simplicity. The next world-gathering assembled to discuss these subjects will probably effect any desired changes along lines of modification rather than substitution. It is now possible, through this wide discussion and uniformity of designation, to arrive at something like precision of description, a first essential to a satisfactory system; in spite of which many pictorial illustrations must still be employed, so delicate is the gradation from one type of cloud to another. By the use of soft pastels aided by the finger-

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tip in sketching cloud forms, satisfactory results can sometimes be obtained, but oil and water-colors are scarcely rapid enough to follow changes exactly. Only the most sensitive photographic plates can reproduce the infinite delicacy of detail. Some of the illustrations in Mr. Clayden's book from direct photography are exceedingly beautiful—poetic as well as scientific, and the directions given for obtaining them, in the chapter upon this method of studying forms, are of great value.

Mr. Clayden remarks pertinently that it would be well if artists of landscape would occasionally give some little study to the clouds they introduce, instead of presenting the usual vague splashes of white so generally made to do duty for pictured skies. One recalls the cry in one of Ruskin's letters: "I want to be able to draw clouds, and to understand how they go—and I can't make them stand still, nor understand them —they all go sideways. . . ."

The story of a thunder-shower is scientifically, even dramatically, told, with careful description of changes in the cumulus headquarters of the storm, and with remarkable attendant photographs. The author's views as to the causes of differing cloud forms are exceedingly probable, and the book is full of suggestiveness for further investigation. Exact personal observation forms the basis of the entire volume, which cannot be too highly recommended to students of this delightful branch of celestial research. All the varieties depicted and described have been selected from hundreds of examples, as showing differences due to conditions of formation. Diagrams and other purely technical matters are avoided, so that the book, while of great value to specialists, is hardly less interesting to the general reader, and will be immensely helpful in continued and more accurate study of this fascinating subject. Such a book is well worth an index of more than two pages.

Problems of Philosophy; or, Principles of Epistemology and Metaphysics. By Dr. James Hervey Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D. Macmillan. Pp. xiv., 647. 1905.

Dr. Hyslop's book has an abundance of defects and lays itself open to criticism in a variety of ways. To begin with, it extends to 650 pages, and is too heavy to hold. The average length of its chapters is 50 pages, and in one case exceeds 100. without a section or a break to articulate them; and even its paragraphs not infrequently prolong themselves to three pages. It has no literary charm, and its wording is often obscure. It bears many marks of its original lecture form, which should have been eliminated. It gives no references. It contains a large number of highly dubious historical statements. In short, it is a book which a hostile or wearied critic would have ample excuse for condemning utterly.

And yet, in spite of all these serious faults, we have found Dr. Hyslop's book in some respects an impressive work. It is, in the first place, very honest. We seem to see its author sturdily wrestling with the great problems of philosophy; and even when he plainly seems to be 'worsted,' we find ourselves reflecting that those problems have always proved too great for any man. Thus its very defects have something humanly attractive; they evoke the sympathy we naturally feel for an honest struggle against overwhelming odds. And so long as so many philosophers aim at nothing higher than mere dialectical cleverness in playing with problems which, after displaying their mental agility and (it must be added) disingenuousness, they leave pretty much where they found them, the moral atmosphere of Dr. Hyslop's work is decidedly refreshing. In the next place, Dr. Hyslop, if not startlingly original, is distinctly independent. He has the courage to swim against the stream and to ignore the fashions. Lastly, he seems to be fundamentally right about some of his main contentions, such as that idealism ought in consistency to confess to solipsism, that the antithesis between it and realism properly concerns epistemology rather than metaphysics, that the real metaphysical antithesis is between materialism and spiritualism, and that what renders it really important is that the former denies, while the latter affirms, the possibility of a future life. By "spiritualism" he means the denial that consciousness is a function of material organization, and the affirmation of the reality of soul, without, however, telling us what he precisely means by "soul." This philosophic usage easily develops an affinity for the vulgar sense of "spiritualism" when it is added that the question of the existence of a "soul" can be decided, not by philosophic speculation, but only by scientific research.

In this contention Dr. Hyslop is doubtless right; but might not the same be said of every philosophic topic? Does speculation ever do more than explore the ground before science proceeds to effect a stable occupation? In all these points Dr. Hyslop's views seem sufficiently interesting and important to sanction a regret that, instead of entangling and stifling them in masses of unessential words, he did not bethink himself of the wise old Greek adage that sometimes the half is greater than the whole.

The Life of Oliver Ellsworth. By William Garrott Brown. Macmillan. 1905. Pp. ix., 369.

It is, on the whole, surprising that Oliver Ellsworth should have had to wait so long for a biographer. The task, it must be admitted, presented some difficulties. Unlike many of his contemporaries who, with him, were making American history, Ellsworth was a singularly reticent man. His legal opinions were excessively brief. He did not indulge in "journalizing." He wrote few letters, and most of these disappeared. Of the great number of papers to which, in the course of a long and active life, he must have set his hand, few of importance have survived. His biographer, accordingly, finds a dearth of material, and is forced to rely much upon that indispensable and most dangerous faculty of the historian—imagination. Yet the career of Ellsworth, if not as a whole of first-rate significance, was nevertheless such as to give him high rank among the founders of his country. He was a lawyer of solid attainments, a clear-headed and effective judge, a forcible and convincing debater, and a skilful manager of men. As a member of the Connecticut pay-table, he largely directed the Revolutionary policy of his State. As a member of the Congress of the Confederation, he labored unceasingly to build up the federal administration. In the Federal Convention of 1787, no influence was superior to his, and some of the most important provisions of the Constitution are due mainly to him. He was admittedly the leader of the Senate so long as he was a member of it. He was a dignified and industrious chief-justice, and an astute and broad-minded representative of his country at the French court. With all, he was a New Englander and a gentleman. Yet his name and his work passed quickly out of particular remembrance, and he has waited nearly a century for some one to tell worthily the story of his life.

The reasons for this neglect are not, however, altogether obscure. The lack of literary remains has doubtless told heavily against him. Had he kept a diary, like John Adams, or copied his letters, like Jefferson, or written pamphlets and newspaper articles, like Hamilton or Madison, or elaborated his legal decisions, like Marshall, we should long since have had a limited and costly edition of his collected works, and been able thereby to measure his importance more nearly as it appeared to his contemporaries. Again, while he was a stanch advocate and able expounder of Federalism, he lacked the ability so to present his ideas as to make them seem original with him. He never, for example, rivalled Hamilton as an expositor of the theory of the Constitution, though he did rather more, on the whole, than any one else to give practical effect to Hamilton's views. Further, he lost a great opportunity in the Federal Convention to restrain the growth of slavery, and perhaps, as Mr. Brown suggests, to put an early end to the system altogether, by his attitude towards the slave trade. And, finally, he never reached an entirely sound theory of constitutional law, as appears in his contention that the United States, as well as the States, inherited the common law, and his erroneous interpretation, in *Wilson* vs. *Daniel*, of the constitutional provisions regarding the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. It is true that Ellsworth lived in a formative period, when precedents were to be made rather than quoted, and that he was far oftener right than wrong; but there were others of the time who, at these several points, builded more solidly than he, and for this reason, probably, posterity has adjudged him not altogether great.

Yet the character of Ellsworth was so lofty, his devotion to the public welfare so sincere and unselfish, and his industry so painstaking and tireless, as to win for him a high place even in a generation thickly set with great names. In his dignified bearing, his industry, frugality, and thrift, his combination of aristocratic reserve and emotional restraint with rare conversational powers, and his serious regard for religion, he was typical of the eighteenth-century New England in which he was born and bred, and whose welfare he always held dear. The public service was with him a public trust, and a long career in positions of responsibility and exaltation brought with it no taint of moral weakness or sus-

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picion. His devotion to the wearisome and interminable details of administrative and judicial business, in a day when the organization of such business had as yet reached but slight development, was beyond all praise, as it was also one of the secrets of his influence. Nothing, indeed, but extraordinary physical powers and an iron will could have enabled him to do what he did. No presence save that of Washington was more imposing, no words more weighty than his, and he won alike the respect of men and the affection of children.

Mr. Brown has done his work with notable success. The materials which he has used have been widely dispersed and far from abundant, but he has gathered them industriously and employed them with skill, and has refrained from drawing upon conjecture for facts. The chapter on Ellsworth's work in the Federal Convention is especially able. Of course, the book is readable, for Mr. Brown is the happy possessor of a brilliant style; but readers who have found the author's earlier works too strikingly phrased, will note with satisfaction in this one evidences of greater maturity and restraint. As a judicious and sympathetic study of a notable American statesman and jurist, the volume is heartily to be welcomed.

China and her People. By Charles Denby. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1905.

The American who is thoughtful as well as patriotic does not swell with pride when he looks over the list of our envoys and plenipotentiaries in the Far East, though there are some names that shine with the permanence of the stars, while the influence of their lives rather increases than diminishes as the years roll on. Such a man was our minister to China, Charles Denby. A Virginian and ex-soldier, Colonel of the Eightieth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, during the civil war, he was in 1885 appointed minister to Peking by President Cleveland. For thirteen years he represented his country during three administrations and part of a fourth, holding also the unbroken confidence of the Chinese authorities. As the story of Verbeck, in Japan, and Williams, in China, has demonstrated, the foreigner who asks no personal favors and has nothing to do with that marketable commodity called in America "pull," but who attends to the business on which he was sent and serves all unselfishly, can win and hold the permanent respect of men who, besides understanding the lower motives common to most mortals, have quick discernment of the proofs of moral superiority in an alien.

The present publication, edited from the deceased author's manuscripts by his son, who adds two or three additional chapters, has its special value in the fact that it is not a mere description of things seen or read about, nor is it a mere traveller's tale. It is rather the leisurely reflections, with delightful comment, spiced by wit and wisdom, of a man who saw into causes, and read human nature searchingly, but with sympathy. Apparently he laid aside those prejudices which usually mar an alien's judgment. His pen pictures of the great men of China and Japan who were his contemporaries are incisive and interpretative. His own very important part in the mediatory negotiations which brought the Chino-Japanese war of 1894-5 to an end are frankly and modestly stated. The Boxer uprising is treated with insight and sympathy. Yet we cannot find that he does justice to the behavior of the American Admiral (whose name is spelled wrongly) who upheld the American policy of non-intervention and refused to bombard the Chinese forts in time of peace. Indeed, the two statements in the author's text, on pages 191 and 200, do not correspond as to the important points of the day, the hour, and the reasons for the attack, while it is intimated that the *Monocacy* was "present" in the actual fighting, without taking part, instead of being, as she was, some distance away in shelter, the shell striking her being a spent missile. Foreign life in Peking is pleasantly described, and the criticisms of Great Britain's policy and of Russian methods are those of a man with a well-balanced mind, keen vision, and practised pen. Mr. Denby perceived clearly the underlying causes of the Russo-Japanese war. From the beginning of his work in China, he stood boldly and bravely for the policy of the open door, while with all his ability and persuasive power he protested against the partition of China. His sympathy with the missionaries and his correct and judicial attitude toward them arose from the fact that, by personal investigation and journeys in various parts of the empire, he knew exactly what they were doing, both in spirit and in method. He could thus judge them at first hand and forecast their ultimate influence.

The concluding chapter, by the editor, on the Russo-Japanese war, is bright and readable, though the Admiral Togo pictured is the junior officer, born in Echizen, and not the mighty Togo of Satsuma. It is discreditable to a respectable writer to talk about "Japs" instead of Japanese. The middle name of Commodore Matthew Perry was Calbraith, not Galbraith. These, and a few similar inaccuracies, however, are but minor blemishes in a very delightful and informing book, in two daintily clothed and easily held volumes, beautifully illustrated. While Dr. S. Wells Williams's 'The Middle Kingdom,' after a half-century of original writing and a quarter of a century of revision, still continues to be standard and in the van, 'China and her People' is perhaps the most readable work upon a country and people of whom it behooves Americans to know more.

Lirica Italiana Antica: Novissima Scelta di Rime dei Secoli xiii., xiiii., xv., illustrate con sessanta riproduzioni di pitture, miniature, sculture, incisioni e melodie del tempo e con note dichiarative. Da Eugenia Levi. Florence: Leo S. Olschki. 1905.

Signorina Levi has already made herself known by an anthology of contemporary Italian poets under the title of 'Dai Nostri Poeti Viventi' (third edition, Florence, F. Lumachi, 1904). That book labors under the disadvantage common to its kind, in that, in attempting to pass a more or less decisive judgment on living authors and their works, it assumes a task that can be accomplished only by time. Palgrave, in the preface to the second volume of his 'Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics,' testifies that his second series cost him thrice the labor of the first, for the reason that "nothing is harder than to form an estimate even remotely accurate of our own contemporary artists, whatever the sphere of their art." In like manner the book now under review is better than the other, not only because it deals with the greatest period of Italian literature, but also because many authors and many poems have already been chosen from out the mass by the infallible verdict of centuries.

Mr. Gilbert Murray, in his 'History of Greek Literature,' remarks that, although by separating instrumental music from its originally chief function of accompanying the human voice, the modern world has developed music as an independent art to a perfection and power of expression unknown to the ancients, modern lyric poetry suffers by the inevitable law of compensations from a disunion with its natural partner of vocal and instrumental music. Aristotle's assertion in the 'Poetics' (I., 4) that performers on the flute and lyre employed only tbe elements of ἁρμονία and ῥυθμός ("music" and "rhythm"), is enough to show that independent instrumental music was known to the Greeks. But we have no evidence that the idea of polyphonic instrumentation ever occurred to them. It is indeed true that no form of Greek art, not even their painting, is so hopelessly lost to us as the art of Greek lyric poetry; and it is much to be feared that the glory and freshness of that age when the lyric poet wrote his notes along with his verses, never thinking of one without the other, when the two were in performance equally inseparable, are gone forever. But Mr. Murray might have observed that the Italians of the Middle Age possessed a lyric poetry which was almost as closely allied to music as that of ancient Greece. The poets of the thirteenth century and their successors did not, to be sure, compose music for their own songs; but these always, or nearly always, received their setting from a musician like Dante's friend Casella. Even in Elizabethan England, the same condition prevailed, though perhaps not to the same extent. Milton's thirteenth sonnet, addressed to Mr. H. Lawes, shows how much importance he attached to the skilful musical setting and performance of lyric poetry.

Therefore it was an excellent plan of Signorina Levi's to print along with her text some examples of the music to which popular poetry was sung during the three centuries from which the poems are drawn. To be sure, the melodies to which the songs of the great poets were sung have not come down to us in many instances. Signorina Levi gives us the notes of only one song by a known author who flourished earlier than the beginning of the fifteenth century, namely, the hymn of Beato Giovanni Colombini of Siena which begins, *In su quell' alto monte* (p. 130). We believe that there is no similar example from an earlier period. However, it is a well-known fact that it was the custom in Italy from very early times to sing religious hymns to popular airs. The editor tells us in her introduction (p. xxv), that in almost all the hymn-books, printed or manuscript, which she had occasion to consult, belonging to the fifteenth and early part of the

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sixteenth centuries, she found above or below the text of the hymns the words *Cantasi come*, followed by the first line of a profane song. Accordingly, most of the melodies reproduced in her book go with religious lauds of unknown authorship if they are early, sometimes by known authors if they are of more recent date. For example, we find the music for hymns composed by Savonarola, Lucrezia de' Medici, and Lorenzo de' Medici. And thus, although we have unhappily lost the airs to which the lyrics of the great poets of the earlier period were sung, we can at least form some notion of their character.

But it is not only with melodies that Signorina Levi has illustrated her text. Since all the art of the great period was produced under the same conditions and informed with the same spirit, she has also introduced sixty reproductions of pictures, miniatures, sculptures, and engravings; and, in order to avoid printing the whole book on heavy paper, she has caused the photographic reproductions to be pasted on separate sheets. Under each illustration she gives the name and date of the artist when known, the material, subject, and present locality of the original, and a brief decriptive note, sometimes culled from Vasari and other early writers; and we can assure our readers that it is most delightful to read Guido delle Colonne's *Amor che lusingamente m' ai menato*, with a facsimile on the opposite page of the song in a manuscript, adorned with beautiful miniatures; Dante's *Donne ch' avete intelletto d'amore*, seeing at the same time Giotto's figure of Hope from the Capella degli Scrovegni at Padua; or Politian's *La non vuol esser più mia*, illustrated with a detail from Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco in the Camposanto at Pisa.

The editor has shown excellent sense and spirit in furnishing her readers with very full tables and indices. After a chronological list of writers and artists, comes an index of first lines arranged under the names of the poets, then indices (1) of poems arranged according to their various forms, with definitions of these forms, often quoted from famous writers, (2) of the illustrations, and (3) of the melodies, followed by a brief account of early Italian music, and notes explaining the music printed in the book. After the text come brief explanatory notes, and finally a bibliographical index of texts and editions cited.

We are sorry, in reviewing a book so praiseworthy in conception, to be compelled to call attention to serious lapses in its execution. Explanatory notes in such an edition must of necessity be brief; but brevity does not necessarily imply meagreness, and Signorina Levi's commentary is of that meagreness which seems to come of insufficient knowledge. Although English readers will always think of Shelley's translation in connection with Dante's *Guido, vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io*, it is perhaps too much to expect an Italian editor to notice it, but in any commentary worthy of the name no such obvious imitation ought to pass unmentioned as that of Horace's ode, *O Venus, regia Cnidi Paphique* (Carm. I, 30) in Lorenzo de' Medici's sonnet, *Lascia Pisola tua tanto diletta*. Again, every lover of Italian poetry will remember Guido Cavalcanti's fine sonnet to Guido Orlandi, of which the first quatrain runs:

"Una figura della donna mia
s'adora, Guido, a San Michele in Orto,
che di belle sembianze, onesta e pia,
de' peccatori è gran rifugio e porto."

The note on this sonnet does not tell the reader that the Guido addressed was Guido Orlandi, or that he wrote in reply a beautiful *sonetto doppio:*

"S'avessi detto, amico, di Maria
gratia piena e pia
rosa vermiglia se' piantata in orto,"

in which he reproaches his friend for his light comparison of his mistress to the Virgin, and for his irreligious contempt of the Frati Minori. In fact, in such an anthology, the sonnet should never have been included without its reply. In the fourth line of Cavalcanti's sonnet, Signorina Levi reads, instead of *gran rifugio e porto*, "*rifugio e conforto*," a version which we have never seen before, and which is not recognized as a variant in Arnone's complete critical edition of Cavalcanti's poems (Florence: Sansoni, 1881).

The reading of the proofs must have been very carelessly done. We have discovered, quite incidentally, the following printer's errors not corrected in the errata. In heading No. 6, p. xxvi, *Gentil* should read *Umil*, and the page number 289 instead of 295. On page ix, line 12, read *della* instead of *lalla*, and on page 213, line 14, *una* instead of *uta*. We were surprised not to see the name of Cina da Pistoia in the combined index of authors and first lines. But, having accidentally discovered one of his sonnets in the text, we looked through the whole book and found that four of his poems are given, on pages 121, 131, 174, and 180.

Florentine Palaces and their Stories. By Janet Ross. With many illustrations by Adelaide Marchi. London: J. M. Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

The history of the principal Florentine palaces, with that of the great families to whom they owe their origin, is full of romantic incident and adventure. Hence Miss Ross's book cannot fail to attract the reader, for she has a special talent for choosing from severe history what is most characteristic and picturesque, and her knowledge of Italian sources of information, ancient and modern, is very extensive. She describes no less than seventy-six palaces, beginning with their architects and ending with their present owners. Of these many are comparatively unimportant, some having been much altered in reconstruction, while preserving still some notable architectural feature of their past likely to attract the careful observer of ancient buildings. These would naturally have no mention in the ordinary guide-book, so that this work will be found useful for reference, besides affording good reading. It is to be regretted that the illustrations are neither effective nor useful; for the most part they represent well-known themes in pen-and-ink outline with little shading, while the text seems to demand innumerable cuts of architectural detail.

In telling of the principal palaces, such as the Palazzo Vecchio, the Bargello, the Riccardi, the Strozzi, the Pazzi, the Pitti, etc., all the important and tragic scenes in Florentine history are very fully given from documents of the time, and Miss Ross always when it is possible translates from these original sources directly, besides quoting from old letters and other data which have more recently come to light. The book describes the manner of life and individual history of all the principal Florentine citizens who built palaces known to fame, beginning with the Acciaiuoli, in 1109, down to quite recent times. The reader will get an accurate idea of Florentine ceremonies, customs, business relations, marriage contracts, vendettas, and all the incidents which go to the making of life, but the volume will be found more interesting for reference than for consecutive perusal.

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